# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## THE FRONT PAGE.

IT would appear that after all smiling Bill Taft can do other things than smile, for he has told Aldrich, "General Manager of the United States," and other high tariff fanatics, that there will either be concessions to—and a lower tariff, or no tariff bill at all. In other words, that he will veto the measure if persisted in on its present basis. That Aldrich and his friends in the Senate will come down before smiling Bill fires the gun is altogether probable. However, here in Canada we are not deeply interested, from a business standpoint, in whether it is high tariff or low tariff, for we have now fortunately got beyond the point of looking upon the United States as a market for our products. At the same time, the persistent high tariff tendencies of this group of men, in the face of a very general realizing sense throughout the United States that high tariffs mean high prices and expensive living; that they benefit the few to the detriment of the many; is unfortunate for those directly concerned as are the ninty odd millions to the south of the line, and unfortunate for us as indicating that an intelligent people are not yet ready to incorporate into their system of government the benefits which this good old world has placed at their feet.

This tariff controversy has brought into the limelight an unusual man in the person of Nelson Wildmarth Aldrich, "General Manager of the United States." Singularly enough, Senator Aldrich is a man who has been little written about, chiefly for the reason that little was known. First and foremost, Aldrich is a man of details. In this he reminds one of our own Herbert B. Ames, M.P., and then he is a man of independent fortune, another point in common with Mr. Ames.

Aldrich began life as a grocer's clerk, as did H. H. Rogers, and Rockefeller and Russell Sage, so he is in good company from a financial point of view at least. Aldrich hails from Rhode Island, where they have the faculty of keeping the same Senators in office terms on end. Next in point of interest, Aldrich married his second daughter to John B. Rockefeller, Jr., so it can be fairly surmised that in any event the family will not starve to death. However, these are trivial details, for the man himself is the interesting feature.

Here is a description of Aldrich on his feet in the Senate, as given in the Boston Transcript: "His specialty is the business question, which he proceeds to handle with the regularity and vigor of a trip hammer. Any address of his contains a surprising array of facts, not of the kind that smell of the lamp or bespeak the diligence of a private secretary, but stand out as pertinent, clean-cut statements, each of which carries the argument a little further than the one before it. No one can listen to Aldrich without realizing that he knows what he is talking about; unless this is the case he does not speak. His remarks are not of the World Almanac variety. They lack fancy and sentiment, to be sure, but they carry a great deal of prophecy. His recent speech on the cotton schedule, for example, contained the prediction that when the next tariff bill was constructed the South would have three-quarters of the entire cotton manufacturing of this country under its control. He also predicted for cotton as a textile a wonderful future in its race with other fabrics. His perception of business forces and tendencies has always been extremely keen. His figures are so presented as to illuminate the schedule with which they deal. While seldom appearing in the rough and tumble of debate, few men contribute to the Congressional Record more of substance and of worth. Thoroughly readable, though on supposedly dull subjects, are Aldrich's speeches. The galleries are always full after he has been on his feet for some minutes, no mater how thinly peopled they may be as he takes the floor. Not an orator, he says something that compels people to listen."

Senator Aldrich has announced that he will retire at the close of his present term in 1911. But before that time he has on hand another task that he hopes to accomplish which is even more tremendous than the revision of the tariff schedules of which he is now seeing the end. The new task is the reconstruction of the currency system. As chairman of the finance committee he has been amassing a large amount of information in foreign countries, and he is said to be ambitious to introduce and carry through a currency bill that will terminate his senatorial career in a grand climax. One might think that the work he has done in this extra session would glut the appetite of any man of seventy for some time to come. It is likely, however, that he will be just as prominent a figure in the regular session of the Senate that opens next December.

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THERE is a popular tradition to the effect that the appointment of clergymen to places of honor in the hierarchy, is the result in some little-understood manner of an interposition of Divine Providence. One evidence of this ingenuous belief is that such appointments are generally referred to as "calls"; and the word clearly denotes the difference between the way a man is made manager of a department store and the way a man is made preacher of a congregation. Just now there is going on in clerical circles in Quebec a good deal of discussion as to whether or not Paul Bruchesi, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Montreal, will receive a "call" to wear a red hat and be referred to as "Your Eminence" for the balance of his natural life. And naturally this discussion is occupying much space in newspapers, for the appointment of a Canadian cardinal is not a thing that happens every day. In fact, there has been only a solitary instance of such ecclesiastical dignitaries—Cardinal Taschereau, who died about fifteen years ago.

Ever since that time there have been carried on intermittent discussions as to the appointment of a successor. But so far the Dominion has been red-hatless. Now, however, there would seem to be a chance of something being done to fill the late cardinal's place; and it may well be that the present agitation for Archbishop Bruchesi is of the kind that is father to the appointment. His high favor with Rome is well known and well earned; and has he not come honestly by a fine Tuscan patronymic? Difficulties that might stand in the way of a Muldoon or even a Jones should offer little hindrance to one whose name ends in "i." I would have said "esi," were it not for the possible imputation of punning intentions—and bad punning at that. It seems, however, that the Muldoons and their Celtic brethren, who form a large and very active part of Montreal's Catholic population, are not to go destitute of hierarchical distinction. In fact, it is reported that when Archbishop Bruchesi becomes His Eminence, a zealous clergyman of the genial name of McShane will become His Lordship. And thus will all classes be made happy by the "calls."

It may also be said that the appointment of a Canadian cardinal would be a timely move on the part of the Vatican, and might do much to strengthen the already strong position of the Roman Church in Canada. The selection of a broad-minded man, of liberal views and tactful methods, would help to lessen religious and racial differences, and thus be of the very highest service to the whole country. But just as such a man would be a national benefactor, so in the same measure might a man of narrow and dogmatic ideas, with hidebound mediaeval notions of church control, make himself a public nuisance and menace. As to which side Monseigneur Bruchesi will range himself upon, his record as archbishop prevents one forming too optimistic estimates.

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"ARE we about to abandon the brotherhood of man?" is the opening paragraph in a recent article by William E. Wallings, a writer on labor and social topics in the New York Independent. Plainly speaking, I take it that the time never was when humanity was not divided into superior and inferior races. Even the old time abolitionist in the United States, who fought for the freedom of the slaves, and who in after years approved unstintly of the fourteenth amendment to the federal constitution which gave the negro equal rights with white citizens at the polls, has even in the North come to the conclusion that perhaps after all it was the one great mistake. Here in Canada we are confronted with the same problem. We keep out the Chinese with a head tax, and we of the Pacific coast demand that natives of India and, moreover, citizens of the British Empire, be no longer landed on our coasts.

Chatting a few days ago with a Virginian, whose father and grandfather before him wore the blue, and who fought as a million other abolitionists did between the years '60 and '65, he stated quite frankly that out of five hundred negro residents in his vicinity, but four voted at the polls.

"And how of the rest?" I asked.

"They just don't vote," he replied with a grim smile. "You see it's this way. While I am a Northerner and was brought up in Pennsylvania with the idea that, superficially at least, the negro was as good as the white man, we simply cannot live in the country and have the negro rule it, as he would had he the power to cast his vote on election day. Our mayor would, under these circumstances, be a negro, as also would all our other officials. Our towns and cities would go bankrupt, for the banks would not even advance funds on county or town bonds with the negro in power. The plain truth is that the whites of the South cannot have the lower caste of the South, who happen to be black men, on a level with themselves. The negro must be kept in a position of inferiority, or the white will be forced to move to other quarters where he stands no chance of being outnumbered. Under the rule of the negro, my mills and even my home would be insecure. With negro officials in our county, no insurance company would carry the risk on my plant. We would go bankrupt in a year's time. Personally, I have no objection to the colored man. He is ordinarily good natured; but at the same time he is slovenly, an irresponsible workman, and almost wholly without what in the business world we call business honesty. Even a written contract with the average negro is not worth the time, paper and ink. Let any Canadian spend a few months in the South, not in a superficial way, but on matters of business, and he will have become as convinced of the truth of what I have told you as I am myself."

So here goes the cherished and fundamental beliefs of Lowell, and Emerson and the rest, but we must remember that they were Northern men, and lacked the recent practical experience of my friend from Virginia.

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CANADA'S trade commissioner at Birmingham, in his latest report to the Department of Trade and Commerce, takes up the question of dustless roads, and details the experiments which have recently taken place near that British manufacturing centre. In view of the greatly increased motor traffic, the problem of keeping the roads free from dust is one in which we here in Canada are vitally interested. Up to the present the most effective method has been to oil the roads, which is now largely being carried on throughout the New England States, while experiments of a like character are being made in our own High Park. The two chief objections to the use of oil and tar mixtures is the smell arising for some period of time after the oil has been put on and the expense, which is by no means trifling.

Mr. MacKinnon's report goes on to say: "A new test is now being made with chloride of calcium in the form of granulated powder. A half mile stretch of virgin road has been devoted by the Staines Rural District authorities to this purpose. The powder, which costs about $12.16 a ton, is applied at the rate of ¼ lb. to the square yard of surface as a first application, a similar quantity being spread two days later to complete the treatment. The theory is that the calcium chloride will absorb sufficient moisture from the atmosphere to keep the road damp and prevent the formation of dust. It having already been found by tests in Cheshire that this theory is borne out in practice, the question of cost is now to be considered. The old treatment with solution of calcium chloride costs roughly $300 per mile per annum for a 40 foot road with average traffic. It is hoped that the dry treatment will prove cheaper."

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THE flying machine is coming on. On Sunday last, partly against a stormy breeze, Louis Bleriot, the French aviator, succeeded in crossing the English channel from Les Baraques on the French coast to a point two miles from Dover. The distance flown was thirty miles, and the time consumed only thirty-seven minutes, the aeroplane easily distancing the swift French torpedo boat destroyer, which was endeavoring to keep company with Bleriot. On Tuesday of this week, Hubert Latham made another attempt to perform the same journey, and was two miles off his goal when the motor of the heavier-than-air machine gave out, and he was rescued from the waters of the channel immediately outside of Dover. The notable feature of Latham's flight was the great speed attained, for it is said that he covered the twenty-one miles in twenty minutes. The fact that his motor proved unreliable, and he was unable to complete the last two miles of his flight, is, after all, a minor detail, for the perfection of the motor will come in the natural course of events. In the meantime, it has been conclusively proven that the heavier-than-air "flyer" is no longer a toy and a dream, but a practical machine, and as Lord Roberts says, it is hard to foretell its far-reaching effects. On Tuesday, in Washington, D.C., Orville Wright, with a passenger on board, flew for an hour and twelve minutes in his bi-plane, proceeding at a speed of forty miles per hour. This is the longest flight on record, and according to Mr. Wright, he could have remained in the air for a much longer period had he so desired.

As with the automobile in the earlier years of its career, the gas motor appears to be the weak and unreliable portion of the flying machine. But unquestionably inventive genius will in time largely overcome these obstacles, as has been done with the auto, and with a fair amount of luck we may within a comparatively short time see them in everyday use. At Petawawa this week, flights will be made, it is expected, by Messrs. McCurdy and Baldwin with the "flyer" Silver Dart and another machine which they have on the ground, and here some practical experiments are expected in utilizing one of these flyers as a range finder for the Canadian artillery, which will shortly proceed to Petawawa. In this instance, it is expected, the flying machine will be able to communicate the range to the artillery officers, so that the heavy guns can be accurately served at a distance of nearly five miles.

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CAMPAIGNS against auto speeding are being vigorously carried out in different sections of Canada, but it would appear that in most instances the real culprits, the chauffeurs, are escaping, while the unfortunate owners with the tangible asset of machines are being heavily fined. Of course, if prosecuted with sufficient vigor, this will eventually cure this disease of speed excess, but at the same time there is a deal of unfairness in the process which the police court judges have so far been blind to. In Montreal, owner after owner has been hauled up in court and fined, whereas in some instances the proprietors were not in the benzine buggies themselves when the law was broken, and in no instance that I am aware of, were they at the wheels.

Most chauffeurs are afflicted with the speed mania, and this is accounted for largely by the fact that here in Canada we employ foreign chauffeurs in large numbers. There is every reason to suppose that many of these men, Belgians and other continentals, have in foreign parts broken the speed laws to the extent of having their licenses taken from them, in which event they have sought pastures new. Coming over to Canada with an excellent knowledge of automobiles they have found ready employment, but still retaining the speed "bug," which is unquestionably a species of lunacy, the unwary owner has to suffer. What the police officials should do is to see to it that the responsibility for reckless driving is put where it belongs. Fine the man at the wheel or put him in jail in the event of his not being able to pay his fine, and this reckless driving of automobiles, which is unquestionably making the machine unpopular with a goodly proportion of the population—those who neither own nor ride in autos frequently—will soon disappear. The automobile, as a source of pleasure and an adjunct to the business of the day, has come to stay, and, therefore, there is all the more reason for impressing upon these drivers the necessity of not moving along the highways at passenger train speed.

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ORATOR, journalist, novelist and playwright, M. Georges Clemenceau, until a few days ago Premier of France, has fallen from his high estate. The crisis which overthrew this strong man was unexpected, and from all accounts unnecessary, for had he been more cautious and just a trifle less confident, he would still have been the first figure of the French Republic. But this was not Clemenceau's way, for his victories have always been won through aggression rather than through conciliation, and generally left a rankling sting behind them. He made and unmade presidents of the Republic and prime ministers. He defied the Pope, shut up churches which would not comply with the law, and turned religious orders which had defied him, out of France.

Georges Clemenceau has ever been the "stormy petrel of politics," and it now remains to be seen whether he will continue to be the creator and not the creature of the storm. On this Continent we have more than a passing interest in Clemenceau, for within the boundaries of the United States he spent some of his earlier years. In 1865 Clemenceau began the practice of medicine, but becoming disgusted with the conditions of France of that

FISHERMAN'S LUCK

day he moved to America, where in 1869 he married an American lady. Soon after this he returned to his native land, and in the revolution of the following year Clemenceau began the political career which brought him to the zenith of power and made him one of the foremost figures of European politics.

It is said Clemeneau's appearance gives the impression of concentrated energy; he is not tall, but vigorous; his carriage is firm and composed. He has prominent cheek bones, and his black eyes dominate his face; his eyebrows are bushy, his moustache thick, and he is rather bald. His few abrupt movements have something impetuous and, to a certain extent, brusque about them, a tendency, however, which is controlled by an iron will, so that an ordinary observer might judge him to be phlegmatic. His voice is clear and decided without being particularly strong. He is admitted to be a magnificent orator, and many of his speeches rank higher than Gambetta's. Both as an orator and as a writer he belongs to the severe school of French literature, opposed to all ornament and elaboration. He aims at clearness and decisiveness; his style is as polished as a rapier, and his art is the art of a fencer.

Clemenceau has been called the Warwick of France. For a generation he pulled down and built up. One ministry after another fell under his direction, until at last he was saddled with the responsibilities of office. Now that he is once more free, it is far from likely that his 68 years will deter him from again entering the political arena.

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IN the long run the law will have its way. This the moving picture men of Montreal have at last ascertained, though it cost months of incidental lawbreaking and fining to bring these gentlemen to the point of realizing that laws are made to obey, at least occasionally. Long ago, so long that no one now remembers the exact date, it was decreed that moving picture theatres should in that city close their doors on Sunday. As it happens the Sabbath is the day on which there is the most business to be done, and naturally the proprietors, having an eye on the dollar, organized a little combine among themselves whereby they proceeded to persistently break the law and defy the authorities. There were legal complications galore. One point after another was threshed out, and in the interval the moving picture men kept their theatres open and made money.

Then came a time when they were hauled up before the judge bright and early on Monday morning and fined five or ten dollars. This was easy and the moving picture men laughed in their sleeve. They could easily afford to pay ten dollars on Monday for the privilege of remaining open on Sunday. But after awhile they came across a judge, Loet by name, who proved of sterner stuff, for in place of the usual fine he soaked them a hundred or so, and further promised them a six months' jail term without the option of a fine, if brought before him again on the same charge. This broke up the combine and stopped the Sunday moving picture shows. The tables having been turned on the moving picture men they in turn are now demanding that the summer gardens and parks where amusements are held, be also closed on Sundays. In this, however, they are not likely to succeed, for there is a provision in the law which says that no prosecutions under the Sunday enactment may be made without the consent of the Attorney-General, and as this legal gentlemen probably has some idea of how unpopular the closing of the out-of-door Sunday attractions would be, particularly among the French Canadian population, there is little likelihood of his seriously entertaining the project. Sunday baseball, lacrosse, band concerts and other out-of-door sports and entertainments always have been, and probably always will be, popular among the French-Canadian people. It is their day of days—after mass—on which to enjoy themselves, and it is most unlikely that so long as these sports and recreations are not unduly intruded upon those who look with disfavor upon them, will there be any change in the present order of things. With the Sunday moving picture shows, however, the case is different. At no time has any great percentage of the population favored this sort of entertainment. On the other hand it has been very generally conceded that the moving picture show has a pernicious influence, particularly upon the younger element, which forms such a large proportion of the audiences.

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REGINALD McKENNA, First Lord of the Admiralty, announces that four additional Dreadnoughts are to be laid down in April next, making eight vessels of the Dreadnought class the present programme. Out on the Pacific coast the Hon. "Bill" Pugsley announces that Canada is to launch a fleet of vessels of purely Canadian origin, and that, moreover, the Canadian Government will construct dry docks on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. If Canada could be prevailed upon to confine her attention to dry docks, which are, as a matter of fact, badly needed, then the navy of Britain will have received a substantial benefit. On the entire St. Lawrence, gulf and river, we have not to-day a dry dock capable of taking in even a moderate-sized merchantman, not to speak of the huge vessels which have been launched within the past dozen years for war as well as for commercial purposes. At Halifax we have a dock, but old, and only of moderate size, and aside from this we are dependent upon our neighbors, the United States, when our vessels get into trouble on the high seas. If Canada has some millions to donate toward the British navy, let her give it in dry docks and other works which, during the time of war, will make for a safe harbor for the vessels of the British fleet. Thus in times of peace we will be aiding the seaborne craft which comes to our shores, and in times of war we will have created a safe refuge for the battered hulls of our first line of defence. The Hon. William is half right anyhow, and that's something.

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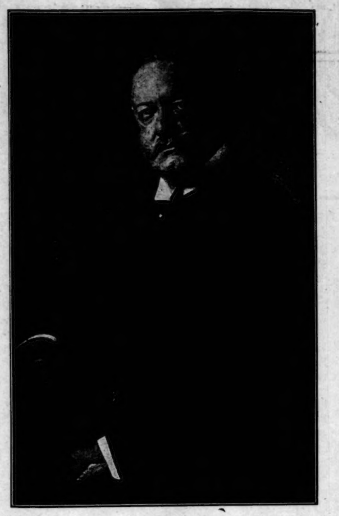
A GREAT life insurance company has become so impressed with the necessity of combatting the present mortality from tuberculosis that a campaign has been decided upon by which no less than 3,500,000 copies of a volume called "A War Upon Consumption" is to be distributed among its policyholders throughout the United States and Canada. That a great corporation which makes a business of insuring people against death should feel called upon, from a business standpoint, to thus combat the "white plague" speaks for itself. The volume, of which the advance sheets are before me, treats of "the nature of the disease; its extent, growth and spread; its cure and prevention, including friendly advice to persons having diseases of the lungs." When a disease such as consumption awakes the business acumen of an insurance corporation to the extent of publishing and placing millions of copies of a volume of this character in the homes of their clients, the seriousness of the situation is driven home. If it pays an insurance company to carry on such a campaign among its clients, then surely it is time that governments drove people out of unsanitary dwellings and taught them at least the rudiments of hygiene.



THE RETIRING GERMAN CHANCELLOR.

Prince Von Bulow has always been accused by his political enemies of having more of the Italian than of the German in him. Now he has chosen Italy as his permanent home and Italians as his servants.

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MR. JAMES J. JEFFRIES, accompanied by Mrs. Jeffries, recently paid Toronto a visit. These details are not mentioned here with the idea of infringing upon the personal columns, but merely by way of introducing a few facts and criticisms regarding the valiant Jim and his ilk, and the money wasted yearly on this Continent on men of his class. Jim goes about the country for forty weeks, giving ten minute shows each evening, for which he gathers in $2,500 weekly, or $100,000 for the forty weeks. Our friend Jim was no more than out of the city when Jack Johnson, the "coon" pugilist, put in an appearance and proceeded to pocket all the loose change left behind by the "undefeated champion." Johnson tells us with no small amount of pride that he rides in an auto of great speed and power, and talks glibly of the ten thousand dollars that he is prepared to put up on himself in the coming fight with Jeffries. All North America flocks to Hanlan's Island and like places, there to give up hard earned dollars in return for a few minutes' view of the past or the coming champion. These hulks of humanity talk a good deal, punch the bag a bit, and have a short scuffle with some stool pigeon greatly their inferior in both strength and "science." Then we come away satisfied, and talk o' nights regarding the valiant Jim and the prospects of Jack in the ring battle which will probably never be fought. That these "champions" are advertising and oratorical specialists we hardly appreciate. When it comes to advertising, they know more about its fine points than Lydia Pinkham, Harriet Hubbard Ayer and Pink Pills ever dreamed of.

THE COLONEL.

It is understood that the King has under contemplation the establishment of a new decoration, to be known probably as the Edward and Alexandra Order, which to a great extent will take the place of the Royal Victorian Order. The new order, it is understood, will be bestowed very sparingly and only upon personal friends of the King and uQeen Alexandra or those who have rendered special service to the state. In fact, the distinction would be treated in much the same fashion as the Order of Merit, and services above the ordinary will be necessary to obtain it.

France finds itself unable to join the United States in a two-cent postal rate.

THE NEW CHANCELLOR OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

Doctor Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg has just succeeded Prince Von Bulow as—in the German sense of such a term—Prime Minister to Emperor William II. He is said to incline to liberal ideas, although generally "old-fashioned."

## Further Flutterings in the Flag Incident.

THERE is nothing like an insult-to-the-flag story to go on echoing down the corridors of time and the columns of the press. One would have thought that quite enough fuss had been made about that Fourth of July incident in Toronto, which has long since been explained away as the work of some mischievous boys. But no, sir. Public-spirited and broad-minded editors refuse to allow it to die; and the last heard of it is to the effect that it has been arousing the noble indignation of the editor of The Times away down in Tampa, Florida. A correspondent forwards to us a copy of an editorial from that paper, as republished in The St. Augustine Record. Our correspondent, who lives at Bretton Woods, N.H., writes as follows:

The Mount Washington, July 26, 1909.

The Toronto Saturday Night, Toronto, Canada:

Dear Sirs,—It might interest you to see the article taken from The Tampa Times and copied into another Southern paper, The St. Augustine Record, from which I take it. The disgraceful occurrence in Toronto has excited the deepest indignation and disgust throughout the States at the action of those hoodlums from our side of the line, and a widespread feeling of humiliation that we should be thus represented. I might also say that I think there has been very hearty appreciation of the way the matter was treated by our friends in the Dominion. I have no business taking a hand in this, save as an American citizen who is interested to see reciprocity in courtesy and good manners as well as in trade.

Very sincerely yours,
JOHN ANDERSON,
Of Britton Woods.

The editorial in question reads in part as follows:

"But by far the most outrageous exhibition of overzealous patriotism was the action of a number of American tourists in Toronto, Canada, who were not satisfied to make a noisy exhibition of their joy over Independence Day by parading around in a waggon decked with American flags, but they sought to emphasize their joy by trailing the British flag in the dust behind them. This was an inexcusable exhibition of bad taste, boorishness and ill manners. It was constructively an insult to the British Empire, and especially to Canada, and it was only the good taste and self-possession of the Toronto authorities which prevented the indecent behavior of our badly advised patriots from landing them in jail.

"While a few irresponsible travelers cannot, of course, be considered the representatives of the American nation, such incidents, nevertheless, do harm by creating more or less bitterness and resentment. The dragging of the British flag in the dust was a gratuitous insult, and the fact that the British Government took no notice of it should not in any sense make the American people as a whole less ashamed of their foolish fellow-countrymen. Such are clearly not well-balanced enough to be trusted abroad. Had the Toronto authorities landed the whole party of 'patriots' in jail they would simply have got their deserts. They certainly reflected no credit on their country."

Of course, it is all a mistake, but the Tampa editor at least shows his anxiety for friendly relations between the two countries.

## An English Pompeii.

ENGLISH newspapers note that the Earl of Verulam, who owns the sand upon which was built the ancient Roman city of Verulamium, has given permission to the Society of Antiquaries to undertake excavations, which will shortly be commenced. The site of Verulamium lies a mile or so from the centre of St. Albans, just at the entrance of the beautiful Gorhambury Park.

Verulamium was one of the most important cities in England at the time of the Roman occupation. With Eboracum (York) it enjoyed the dignity of being a municipium, which meant that all who were born within its walls could claim Roman citizenship. It was situated in Watling street, and the British insurrection under Boadicea culminated here in the massacre of 70,000 Romans. In 303, or perhaps earlier, St. Alban, the first English martyr, was beheaded on the site of the present St. Alban's Abbey. Not long after the ancient town was forsaken, and the new one—St. Albans—grew up on the hill which had shadowed it.

In the centre of the site of the old city is the Church of St. Michael, the vicarage of which stands in the middle of what was the forum. A few old walls and other fragments are to be seen here and there, but the Roman city lies for the most part buried under a considerable depth of soil. In the course of centuries earth has been washed down from the hillside, and earthworms have been busy, and where once lay the proud and splendid city is now the quiet, flower-filled garden of the vicarage, the fields of the glebe, and other pastures and plough lands.

The stones and Roman bricks of Verulamium were, of course, much used for later buildings elsewhere. St. Albans Abbey is very largely built from them. But a great deal still remains under the soil. About sixty years ago, and again in 1869, the theatre was partly and temporarily uncovered, and some fine frescoes, pavements, and marbles were found. It is the only Roman theatre in Britain, and its dimensions are almost exactly the same as those of the theatre at Pompeii.

In fact the whole town of Verulamium singularly resembles Pompeii as regards shape—an irregular oval—dimensions, and arrangement and position of streets and buildings. It is slightly larger, its walls enclosing an area of 190 acres. Its excavation ought to provide extraordinary interest. If it is done thoroughly, as no doubt it will be, we shall have within a few miles of London an object-lesson of surpassing educational and antiquarian value as to how the Romans lived in Britain two thousand years ago.

## Paradise for Suffragists.

A FRENCH explorer just returned from Africa has addressed an open letter to Mlle. Laloe and to the woman doctor Mme. Pelletier, the great advocates of women's rights, advising them to leave at once for the Sahara, or rather to that district inhabited by the tribe called Tuaregs.

The Tuaregs, says the explorer, are crafty, cruel and treacherous, but they are ardent apostles of femininism. The Tuareg women are indeed privileged beings. They have camels of their own, which their husbands are not allowed to mount, and their household duties are, so to say, nil.

They are allowed to have an admirer who saddles their camels and runs errands for them. According to The Gentlewoman, the attitude of this admirer must remain strictly platonic, for if he starts making love to the lady the husband flies into a temper, and an angry Tuareg becomes a dangerous creature.

According to the laws of the country the Tuareg woman need not follow her husband unless she wants to do so, nor is she compelled to serve her spouse. She is educated, for she can read, and this accomplishment, not shared by the other sex, gives her a privileged position in so far that she acts as judge or arbitrator in all difficult cases.

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Add to a thoroughly good menu, with many dishes specially selected for hot weather, dainty table appointments, prompt and courteous service—this is what the St. Charles offers you.
It's a pleasant place to eat in any kind of weather.
THE ST. CHARLES GRILL
60-70 Yonge Street

Business Going On as usual during Alterations. High-class Summer Footwear at Bargain Prices. Blachford, 114 Yonge Street, "The Store that Fits the Feet."

THAT FINE WATCH OF YOURS
should be placed only in the hands of skilled watchmakers—that means with us.
Our men have no superiors here, and our prices are honest.
Wanless & Co.
ESTABLISHED 1840
396 Yonge St., - Toronto

PICKNICERS

This is a Refrigerator Basket
and one of the finest things that ever accompanied an outing party. It's enamelled lined; has separate compartment for ice; will hold a lot of provisions and keep them cool for 24 hours.
*Different Sizes—Come in and see them.*
Thermos Bottles
Pints or quarts, nickel or gun-metal finish; either size in leather cases, singles or pairs; Thermos Picnic Bottles and Travelling Cases, too.
Sparklet Bottles
to make the purest and best Soda Water and other aerated drinks; also Sparklet Bulbs for charging—put sparkle and fizz into any drink.
Rice Lewis & Son, Limited,
COR. KING AND VICTORIA STS.

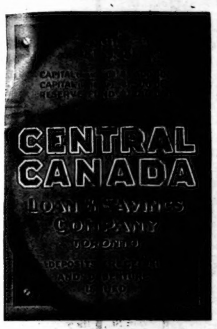
# SELECTING INVESTMENTS

Every person with surplus money available for Investment needs to exercise care when making selections suitable to his individual needs.

We mail monthly a list of Bonds and Stocks yielding from 4 to 6 per cent. from which choice can be made.

A copy will be sent regularly upon request.

**E. AMES & CO., LTD.**
TORONTO - CANADA




**"SPECIAL INVESTMENT POLICY"**

Assuring the sum of $1,000 in event of death, or a cash return of $1,000 at end of 20 years.

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| Premium, | $38.95 | $39.50 | $40.35 | $41.60 | $42.45 |

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**ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED**
27-29 Wellington St. East.
Phone M. 6000. Toronto.

Head Office for Canada, Toronto.
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager.

LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

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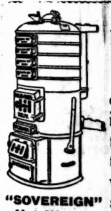

This is the heating apparatus that adds 15 to 20 per cent. more than its entire cost to the value of the house in which it is installed and pays for itself as well out of the coal it saves.

**"SOVEREIGN" Hot Water Boiler**
Made by **Taylor-Forbes** Company, Limited
GUELPH

Toronto Office and Showrooms: 1088 King St. West.

**DUNLOP**

# GOLF BALL

**"FLIES LIKE THE EAGLE."**

The Dunlop "Orange Star" Golf Ball is the identical ball used by professional and amateur players in England and Scotland. The core consists of tightly wound fine elastic thread over which is pressed a shell of hard rubber applied by hydraulic pressure. While the Dunlop Golf Ball flies well, it is a steady ball on the green. For sale by dealers throughout Canada, or direct, on receipt of price, post paid, from The Dunlop Tire and Rubber Goods Company, Limited, Booth Ave., Toronto.

"ORANGE STAR" 50c. "MANOR" A Practice Ball, 35c.
Toronto Agent: H. H. LOWE, 180 Yonge Street.


Mrs. Crawford—"So his wife is extravagant in dress?" Mrs. Crabshaw—"Very. Just now she's getting a coat of tan at a hundred-dollar-a-week seaside resort.—Puck.

# THE INVESTOR

## TORONTO MONTREAL

MONTREAL, JULY 29, 1909.

THE noise from the stock exchanges is such that one is apt, at times, to overlook the important fact that it is, after all, mainly noise. It indicates transfer rather than production. But somewhere, a long way from the stock exchanges, it may be, is the army of men whose toil and brains occasion the victories so loudly cheered on the grand stand. The Canadian Pacific Railway has lately been the centre of attraction to the bulls of the stock exchanges. The splendid management of the road and the rapidly increasing value of its assets, are being reflected in the constantly increasing value of the stock. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy is no way more remarkable than in his capacity to single out men who will be of most value to the great Canadian road. And, in this connection, he strengthened his record when he selected Mr. H. H. Vaughan.

⁂

*Who is Vaughan?*

Shaughnessy we have seen and McNicoll we have seen, but who is Vaughan? Well, Vaughan is a man who has a great deal to do with making it safe to travel on the trains of the C.P.R. It's a very important function, as all who are in the habit of traveling will be the first to admit. He came here from the land of the Eagle, and in case that bird might feel disposed to scream unduly over the incident, it may be wise to add that he was born in England, and is still under forty years of age. The readers of this column will probably not care to hear much about where he learned his trade or served his apprenticeship, more than that he passed through King's College, at London, and eventually found his way to the United States, where he went into the shops of the Great Northern Railway. He passed from one railway to another, until he found himself assistant superintendent of motive power of the Lake Shore Railway. At this juncture Shaughnessy took a hand in his destiny, and in February, 1904, he became superintendent of motive power for the C.P.R. A year later an American railway made an attempt to rescue him from his fate. Sir Thomas had some earnings left over that year, however, so Vaughan remained on and became assistant to D. McNicholl, first vice-president of the road, being still at the head of the mechanical system of the road.

H. H. VAUGHAN,
Retiring President of the American Railway Master Mechanics' Association, and a man who helps make the C.P.R. wheels go 'round.

⁂

*President of A.M.M.A.*

From the foregoing, it becomes evident that H. H. Vaughan is a man of some standing with the officials of the C.P.R., and when it is added that, last year, he was president of the American Master Mechanics' Association, one of the biggest associations of influential men in the world, you will understand what his standing is on the other side of the 49th parallel. What I want to tell about, however, is of more importance than *who* H. H. Vaughan may happen to be. I want to give you an outline of a little work in which he is being encouraged by Messrs. Shaughnessy and McNicoll, and which, though of vital importance to the C.P.R. system, is seldom if ever heard of on stock exchanges. The work is of a constructive nature, and gives little or no immediate financial returns—in fact, it shows up on the other side of the ledger. But it is making for the welfare of the road, and will stand to its credit some day after many of its more spectacular features have become broken reeds. The work, in short, is that of educating the apprentices of the road.

⁂

*Friendly Rivalry.*

Down at the Angus Shops, in Montreal, has been instituted a friendly rivalry among the mechanical apprentices which will yet bear great fruit in their lives as well as in the development of the road. The C.P.R., being a big undertaking in a new country, had to be thrown together in a hurry. For a long time every effort was required to keep things going. Now matters are running more smoothly, and an effort is being made to elevate the standard of mechanics in the employ of the company. For the past year or two, Mr. Vaughan, together with his representative at the shops, Major Lacey R. Johnson, and the supervisor of apprentices, Martin Gower, M.A., Cantab., have been carrying on the work of organizing courses in shop practice, mechanical drawing and elementary electrical practice, and are already producing results which would not have been dreamed of in the old days of haphazard selection. Certain courses recommended by correspondence schools have been adopted, and graduates from these schools, as well as specialists in different mechanical branches, conduct classes of instruction at the shops. Within the past few months, another innovation has been introduced by the establishment of a system of scholarships, some ten of which will be distributed each year. Competitors for these scholarships are examined in higher mathematics, mechanical and geometrical drawing, general knowledge regarding the country and more particularly the C.P.R. system. Recently, twenty of the most advanced apprentices were examined and ten scholarships were distributed amongst them. These scholarships are considered to be worth about $140 each. Those holding them will, among other things, be entitled to a full course in the branches mentioned and will be given several afternoons off each week at the company's expense in order that they may pursue their studies at the shops where libraries of technical works have already been established, and to which will be added, in the near furute, a number of other valuable works.

⁂

*Vaughan an Inventor.*

Mr. H. H. Vaughan is regarded by the entire railway world as one of the authorities in railway mechanics. He is the inventor or joint inventor of a number of railway devices, and among others, of the Vaughan-Horsey super heater, which is already in use on two hundred locomotives of the C.P.R., and is being used on each new one built. It is supposed to save 15 per cent. of fuel. He also invented an engineers' break valve, in use by the N.Y. Air Brake Co. There can be no question that such a work as the C.P.R. is now carrying out through Mr. Vaughan and his assistants at the shops will be felt throughout the system in the years to come. All roads lead to Rome, however, and the stock exchange will get the benefit of it all, sooner or later.

⁂

**TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT vs. MR. RUSSELL.**

The Toronto evening papers of the 22nd inst. contained an item to the effect that Mr. David Russell, of Montreal, had issued a writ against the publishers of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, claiming unstated damages for libel. The article upon which Mr. Russell bases his claim was published on this page of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT on June 19; and on July 2 we published "a letter from Mr. David Russell," together with some editorial comment, in which it was intimated that Mr. Russell was barking up the wrong tree.

The writ of the libel suit in question has not as yet been served upon TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, nor upon our solicitors, although our solicitors had previously advised Mr. Russell's solicitors that they would accept service of the writ at any time. When the writ is served upon TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT and during the course of the action, we will publish verbatim all public proceedings connected with the case, and it is expected that some highly interesting facts will be brought to light.

As is known to Canadians generally, Mr. Russell's career, particularly as regards public men and great public events, has been spectacular, and this is particularly true of that period immediately preceding the general elections of 1904. It will be recalled that Mr. Russell was closely identified with one of the most sensational episodes in Canadian politics, known to the world since 1904 as the Blair-Russell deal.

It will also be remembered that the late Hon. A. G. Blair was a member of the Laurier Government. He went into the Cabinet as Minister of Railways and Canals in 1896, and remained, apparently a staunch henchman of the Liberal cause, until just previous to the general elections of 1904. Then, like a bolt from the blue, came the news that A. G. Blair had deserted the Liberal camp. That Mr. Russell had a hand in this deal is very generally credited, and this I believe Mr. Russell has never denied. However, just what the relations were between the late Mr. Blair and Mr. David Russell have never been made public up to the present, but it is possible that the evidence in this action will throw a flood of light upon facts heretofore concealed for political or for other reasons.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT does not consider that it has in any way libelled Mr. Russell, as it has always been the practice of this journal to avoid doing any person an injustice. We will therefore afford Mr. Russell every facility to show that he was libelled by us.

THE EDITOR.

⁂

TORONTO, July 29, 1909.

As the time of harvest in the Northwest draws near, the assurance of bountiful crops increases. It looks now as if the yield of wheat in the three western provinces will be the greatest on record. And the harvest promises to be about as early as last year in spite of the backwardness of the spring seeding. Harvesting will begin in Southern Manitoba about the 10th of August, and the fears of early frost damage to the grain are being dispelled. The financing of the crop movement, with the increasing yield, is becoming a matter of more importance than in the past, but in consequence of the present large banking reserves there is not likely to be any difficulty in obtaining the requisite funds this autumn to get

(From The News, Toronto, July 22, 1909.)

# RUSSELL AFTER SATURDAY NIGHT

## The Montreal Man Has Issued a Writ for Damages

David Russell, of Montreal, issued a writ this morning at Osgoode Hall against The Toronto Saturday Night Publishing Company for unstated damages for libel. The trouble arises out of a letter published in The Toronto Saturday Night some time ago, in which he was referred to, among other things, as "that erswhile financial giant." He wrote a letter in reply, protesting vigorously against the statements in the other letter which was published with an editorial comment to the effect that he was "barking up the wrong tree."


BANK OF HAMILTON

**Dividend Notice**

Notice is hereby given that a dividend on the Capital Stock of the Bank of two and one-half per cent. (being at the rate of ten per cent. per annum) for the quarter ending 31st August, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after 1st of September next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 24th to 31st August, both inclusive.

By order of the board,

J. TURNBULL, Gen. Mgr.
Hamilton, 19th July, 1909.

**THE BANK OF OTTAWA**
ESTABLISHED 1874.

When remitting money use
**BANK MONEY ORDERS**
Payable at par at any Chartered Bank in Canada (Yukon excepted).

TORONTO OFFICES:
37 King St. East—Broadview and Gerrard—Queen and Pape

**NORTHERN CROWN BANK**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Capital Paid Up | - | $2,200,000 |
| Authorized Capital | - | $6,000,000 |

We give special attention to savings accounts. Your deposits are received with courtesy; your funds are carefully safeguarded; your interest is added regularly, and when you require the money it will be returned to you with full interest, without any inconvenient formality or delay. These are matters worthy of consideration.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL BRANCHES
Toronto Office - - 34 King St. West

**DOMINION EXPRESS MONEY ORDERS**

Foreign Drafts AND Travellers' Cheques

Issued in the Money of the Country on which drawn

PAYABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD

Toronto Office 48 Yonge St

$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF $1.00

**THE METROPOLITAN BANK**
No delay in withdrawal

| | |
|---|---|
| Capital Paid-up - - - - - | $1,000,000.00 |
| Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - - - - - - | $1,277,404.49 |

**The importance of quality and purity in drugs**

Do you realize the importance of quality and purity in even the simplest thing you buy in a drug store?

Take Face Cream—if it is not right in quality and perfectly pure it will injure your skin.

In the case of a doctor's prescription, the recovery of your health may depend on the purity and quality of the drugs used.

It is for this r ason that I am so particular about the purity and quality of the drugs I buy. I submit them to every known test before I permit them to be used in my laboratory or sold over my counters.

I can fill Telephone Orders promptly. Call Main 2991.

**HENNESSEY'S**
The dependable drug store
107 Yonge Street

Are you an investor? We supply safe investments in the denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000. If you send us your name we shall be pleased to mail you our offerings from time to time.

W. GRAHAM BROWNE & CO.,
Dealers in High Grade Bonds. Montreal.

## Imperial Bank of Canada

DIVIDEND NO. 76.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Eleven Per Cent. (11 per cent.) per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the three months ending 31st July, 1909, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after the 2nd day of August next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st July, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE,
General Manager.

Toronto, Ont., June 16th, 1909.



By Royal Warrant

to His Majesty the King

G·H·MUMM & CO

EXTRA DRY

The most exquisite dry champagne imported.

SELECTED BRUT

A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

There is probably not a club in the world where men of taste gather where the name of **G. H. MUMM & CO.** is not a synonym for the best champagne that can be had.

Royal Warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. MUMM & CO. by

His Majesty King Edward VII.
His Majesty The German Emperor.
His Majesty The Emperor of Austria.
His Majesty The King of Italy.
His Majesty The King of Sweden.
His Majesty The King of Denmark.
His Majesty The King of the Belgians.
His Majesty The King of Spain.

BREDIN'S
HOME-MADE
BREAD

The quality goes in before the name goes on.

And the "quality" is the part of Bredin's bread that makes its great army of friends; the quality does not only apply to the finished loaf, but to all the ingredients that go to make it, and to the expert bakers employed in Canada's most up-to-date bakeshops.

Home-made bread 5 cents the loaf.

Bredin's Bakeshops—160-164 Avenue road. Phone College 761. Bloor and Dundas sts. Phone Parkdale 1885.



COSGRAVE'S HALF AND HALF

The voice of the people: "Just the finest and most delightfully satisfying beer I've ever tasted."

Order a Case To-day AT ALL DEALERS


The Honorary Governors who will visit Toronto General Hospital during the coming week are Sir William Mortimer Clark and Mr. D. R. Wilkie.

the crops to the seaboard. But there is something else than money needed. Handling a bumper crop is a serious business. There is a scarcity of men in the fields, and there may be a car shortage later on. Grain equipment means plenty of perfect box cars, with power in proportion. The banks, of course, are in fine shape to do their part. The foreign loans are $148,000,000, against which there are, however, $70,000,000 in foreign deposits, but the amount of cash held at home by our banks is exceedingly large, it aggregating something like $189,000,000 aside from investments and domestic loans in Canada. During the next three months there will be a large expansion in note circulation, or in other words, crop money. Note circulation on the 30th of June was over $70,000,000, or about $2,000,000 more than a year ago, but nearly $5,000,000 less than two years ago. With a paid-up capital of $97,500,000 our banks have the privilege of issuing $27,000,000 additional notes without infringing upon the "emergency" clause of the Banking Act. Owing to the higher price of wheat as compared with previous years, along with an expected record crop this autumn, it is questionable if the banks will be able to supply currency without taking advantage of the "emergency" provision.

***

*Stocks.* Sentiment continues bullish with regard to securities, although business is not on a large scale. Bankers are willing to take a moderate amount of securities as against advances, but the disposition is to curtail rather than to extend "call" loans. This class of loans in Canada has increased $11,000,000 within the past twelve months, while the foreign call loans have increased $63,000,000 during the same period. It is only natural that some curtailment in loans or stock collateral may be expected during the period of crop moving. The buying of stocks recently seems to be by good people. Some of these have been holding back for a re-action in prices, but are apparently now convinced that no set-back of importance will take place. The advance in Canadian General Electric of about 7 points was owing to the London demand. There is a steadily increasing amount of Canadian securities held in the British metropolis, the attraction being the larger yield the British investor can get from them than from home securities. One of the worst statements of the Latin-American investments is the June report of the Mexican Light and Power Co., which stock is held largely in London. The gross earnings for the month were $443,775, a decrease of $27,440, while the net earnings were only $53,722, a decrease of $47,367, owing to the heavy operating expenses. This statement is the first since the Necaxa dam accident. The stock is lower at 67, with two points the lowest of the year, while it has sold as high as 89. The market for Rio de Janeiro has shown more strength, and its June statement was satisfactory as showing an increase of $52,046 in earnings. Canadian Pacific, Mackay Common, and the industrials, such as Coal and Steel, Lake of the Woods, Ogilvie and Shredded Wheat, are all higher, chiefly on investment orders.

***

*Export Trade.* A considerable improvement has taken place in the foreign trade of the Dominion during the first quarter of the fiscal year, with the greatest increase in the month of June, which is usually a quiet month. However, the aggregate value of imports and exports last month exceeded those of the corresponding month of last year by $10,750.00. The large increase in the imports into Canada during June may be attributed in a measure to the heavy borrowings in the London market through the sale of government and railway issues. The imports of merchandise last month are valued at $31,250,000, or an increase of $7,150,000 over June 1908, and within $2,700,000 of the high mark in 1907. Exports from this country were valued at $24,100,000 in June, an increase of $3,600,000 over June, 1908, and an increase of $3,200,000 as compared with the same month of 1907. For the first three months of the fiscal year, including June, the imports of merchandise into Canada were valued at $81,816,500 and the exports at $51,773,000. Taking the record for the ten years from 1898 to 1908, the total trade of Canada increased by 125 per cent. A comparison with other countries shows that this rate of progress has only been exceeded by Argentina, whose trade has expanded to the extent of 192 per cent., and Japan, with 142 per cent., the next highest figures being exhibited by New Zealand, 106 per cent., China, 104 per cent, and Italy 102 per cent.

***

*Wheat Lower.* There has been a collapse in the prices of wheat. Brilliant prospects for new wheat all over America and the growing exports from Eastern Europe have been too much for the bulls, who have dumped much on the market. The decline in Chicago July wheat from $1.29 two weeks ago to $1.04 3-4, and in Winnipeg from $1.39 to $1.19 7-8 shows the severity of the movement. —a lot of little fellows have dropped their money owing to this down grade movement, but it has been a good thing for trade generally. For a long time nearly all exporters were idle, many mills were shut down, and trade generally was stagnant. Things will now begin to move again and the trade is more cheerful. Estimates of the yield this year in our three western provinces run from 125,000,000 to 140,000,000 bushels. The Winnipeg Free Press says that such figures are excessive, and have the tendency to depress the market, making wheat a lower price than it should be when it leaves the farmers' hands. Notwithstanding the recent drop, prices of Manitoba wheats are from 14c. to 15c. a bushel in excess of those of a year ago.

***

*Borrowings Continue Large.* Railway and other corporations continue to issue bonds and securities in London at a rapid rate. When the figures of our London flotations in 1908 were published it was thought the total was enormous. When those for 1909 are available it is altogether likely that the total will reach an amount still more formidable. Some of the London press appear to have misgivings as to the outcome of it all, but these are not shared in by Canadians generally. Nearly everyone here considers that the borrowings are no more than is necessary for the ligitimate development of the country. It is, however, reasonably certain that some districts in the Dominion which are now enjoying great prosperity because of the expenditure in them of large amounts of outside money, will, when the expenditures cease, encounter something in the nature of a depression.

It is understood that the Turkish Government has ascertained that the cash deposits of Abdul Hamid, the deposed Sultan of Turkey, in the Imperial Bank of Germany, amount to 5,000,000 pounds Turkish, approximately $21,500,000. How to obtain possession of this sum is exercising the minds of the Turkish authorities.

### Montreal Power and the Robert Company

One of these days the Montreal Power octupus is going to get a superior line of opposition (it is bound to come) but at the moment, in spite of herculean efforts, the opposition is not opposishing very fast.

For years past a man named Robert has said: "Down with the octupus, a bas le combine" etc., or words to that effect. Mr. Robert (he's French and it is pronounced Ro-bare) has had a big water power to sell. It is on the Beauharnois canal. Hence Mr. Robert's desire to bump the octupus in the solar plexus.

A few business men were found who were willing to put money in the Robert scheme and at one time it was thought that the company would soon be on its feet. But the Montreal Power directors are a powerful also merry crowd of gentlemen and the Robert people found that even by offering several cartloads of bonus stock with the bonds it was difficult to get investors to give up their good money. In fact, at one time there was so much bonus stock offered that a newspaper observed that there was more water in the stock than in the Beauharnois canal.

Goodness knows how many brokers, or underwriters, have, at various times, taken up the Robert scheme in the hope of doing something with it.

Step by step, however, a little progress was made, and this spring the Quebec Legislature gave the Canadian Light & Power Company (that is the name of the Robert concern) the right to enter Montreal and compete with Montreal Power. It also gave similar rights to other concerns, but the Robert scheme, by reason of its fine water power, was considered the most imposing of the lot. The field of the octupus was open to all and Montreal Power would soon be on its knees yelling for mercy. Almost, but not quite.

Now we have it on pretty good authority that the Montreal Power crowd tried to stifle the opposition by buying it, and didn't succeed. But they succeeded in giving the opposition a run for its money and it came about in this way:

Somebody had gone over to London and arranged for a big banking firm there to underwrite $2,000,000 of Canadian Power bonds. It was all cut and dried.

As luck would have it, Senator Forget, a director of the Montreal Power Co., happened to be in London about that time on a little holiday jaunt and the people who took the Canadian Power bonds casually asked him one day what he thought of the Canadian Power scheme. Being a Montreal Power director what Senator Forget thinks of the Canadian Power scheme wouldn't look well in print. To be brief to the point, and at the same time employing a common expression of the day the Senator gave the Canadian Power scheme "the hook." The Senator stands pretty high in London and his opinion counts for something.

Certainly it counted here. The London house decided that it would not take the $2,000,000 bonds and cabled to that effect. We are not quite sure about the count, but if we are not mistaken this was Body Blow No. 14 for Canadian Power.

After a delay of a month or so the Canadian Power people got together again, after sparring for wind, changed brokers, or underwriters, for the ——th time and are now selling the bonds to the Canadian public. They say the bonds are all underwritten and that it is all off with the octupus but the applause.

Incidentally, they are not offering so much bonus stock as formerly. Some people have agreed to pay 95 for the bonds with 50 per cent. bonus stock, others have received 75 per cent. bonus and others have been offered as much as 100 per cent.

And they also claim that they have some "good people" in the scheme. Willie McIntyre (who was killed in an automobile spill the other day) was one of the original men in the scheme, and subscribed for $150,000 bonds. Charles M. Hays, of the Grand Trunk, is in it, so is Alfred Baumgarten, one of our sugar magnates. They, it is claimed, have chipped in $50,000 apiece. And several other big men have also chipped in.

So the outlook for a few happenings in the direction of the octupus are more promising, although the feeling against the octupus is not so strong as it was, chiefly, because the octupus has recently announced voluntary reductions in the price of both gas and electricity. However, some opposition now and then is relished by the best of men.

X. Y. Z.

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An American newspaper correspondent in London has come to the conclusion that royal families are expensive luxuries. He has been hunting up the Blue Books to find the cost to the State of maintaining the British Royal family. He finds that besides the personal incomes of the King and Queen annuitics are paid to the Royal family as follows: Prince of Wales, $100,000; Princess of Wales, $50,000; Princess Christian, $30,000; Princess Louise, $30,000; Duke of Connaught, $125,000; Duchess of Edinburgh, $30,000; Duchess of Albany, $30,000; Princess Henry of Battenburg, $30,000; Trustees for His Majesty's daughters, $90,000. During the past year their Majesties' privy purse was $550,000. Salaries paid to His Majesty's household and retired allowances, $629,000. Expenses of his Majesty's household, $965,000; the Royal bounty, alms and special services amounted to $66,000.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

German Kaiser (patronizingly): "I hear you're building a new fleet. Any particular object?" Czar: "No—merely cause of peace—same as you."—Punch.


NATURAL LAXATIVE

Hunyadi Janos

MINERAL WATER

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS & GROCERS

A gentle and wholesome Laxative Water plays an all important part in maintaining good health. It regulates and tones up the system. Try a bottle and drink half a glass on arising in the morning.

A BOTTLE CONTAINS MANY DOSES



PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

$11 FROM BUFFALO

TO

Atlantic City

Cape May

WILDWOOD, SEA ISLE CITY, OCEAN CITY ANGLESEA, HOLLY BEACH, or AVALON, N.J.

AND RETURN

August 6, 24, September 3, 1909

Tickets good going on trains leaving at 9:00 a.m with parlor cars, cafe car, and coaches, and 7:30 and 10:45 p.m. with sleeping cars and coaches, on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points. The 7:30 and 10:45 p.m. trains make direct connection in Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, via Delaware River Bridge Route.

STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on going trip until day following date of excursion or on return trip within limit if ticket is deposited with station ticket agent. Tickets good to return within fifteen days.

Full information of B. P. Fraser, D.P.A., 307 Main St., Ellicott Square, Buffalo, or ticket agents Grand Trunk Railway, Canadian Pacific Railway, or Niagara Navigation Company.

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# NOTES from NEW YORK

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

NEW YORK, JULY 28, 1909.

WHEN the Mayor's away the tiger will play. . . . And then (again) the best laid plans of aldermen, etc., tell in familiar precept the brief but eventful story of the Building Code. In the absence of the Mayor on his annual vacation, Tammany tried to "rush" through a new and suspicious looking building code, the chief provision of which was the substitution of hollow tiles for cinder concrete fireproofing. Now it so happens that Daniel F. Cohalan, Grand Sachem of Tammany Hall, and personal adviser of Tammany leader Murphy, is counsel for the National Fireproofing Company of Pittsburg, the largest manufacturer of hollow tiles in the country. Tammany's interest in hollow tiling is probably explained in this. The new code passed the Board of Aldermen by a vote of 40 to 38, over the vigorous protests of the minority. Then the citizens took a hand. Meetings were held in which the code was denounced on all sides. Finally a public hearing was forced on Acting-Mayor MacGowan. News of the attempted coup had meanwhile reached the Mayor, who returned to the city in hot haste, pushed his understudy off the stool and vetoed the bill. The feelings of the tiger may be left to the imagination.

And this is the same Mayor who only a few weeks ago amiably turned down the Police Commissioner at the dictation of Tammany. The ways of politicians are certainly past finding out. Possibly the Mayor saw an opportunity to recover some of the prestige he had lately lost. At any rate the veto is popular.

* * *

THE breach in the Thaw family insanity compact is gradually exposing some interesting professional secrets. It is also exposing the details of one of the greatest farces in the history of justice. Even the drugging story, which some believed, may have to go. The latest contribution to its voluminous but salacious literature is the elder Mrs. Thaw's pamphlet attacking Jerome and the Judiciary. Taking up the case at the time of her arrival from Europe, Mrs. Thaw says:

"I found a cowardly combination made up of men of professional standing, together with disappointed blackmailers, perjurers, and others, all working in the interest of the very rich companions of Stanford White. To prevent a trial which they feared would result in exposure, they set to work to blacken the reputation of my son, an average young man with a chivalrous nature, as shown by his attempt to break up these disreputable places."

Of Judge Dowling's commitment of her son, she writes:

"What an outcry such a sentence would create throughout Europe, and throughout free America! There could be no denunciation too severe for the Russian Judge, there could be found no newspaper outside of Russia which would dare venture to approve or sustain a sentence so unjust and cruel and so violative of every safeguard."

The fact that the Court of Appeals sustained the commitment may be of some comfort to the Judge. The weakness of the pamphlet lies in the effort to retract the insanity plea urged at the trial, and which Mrs. Thaw materially strengthened by her testimony as to pre-natal influences. It now appears that the murderer is simply "an average young man of chivalrous nature." His chivalry will no doubt come to light this week when he goes on the witness stand in his own behalf.

* * *

IT was a curious spectacle, presented to us the other morning, when the Soesdyk, of the Holland American Line, came up the harbor, with a full rigged sailing vessel of eighty tons, such as crossed the Atlantic three hundred years ago, lashed to her deck. It was eloquent also of the progress of shipbuilding since 1608, when Hendrik Hudson sailed that little vessel's prototype, the Half-Moon, up the Hudson in search of a new route to China and the East. In a few weeks we shall be celebrating Hudson's discovery with considerable pomp and circumstance, and the new Half-Moon, said to be an exact copy of the original in which Hudson made his discoveries, is Holland's gift to the historic occasion. On the arrival of the Soesdyk, a tug made fast, held out a giant crane, and the little vessel was safely lifted to the surface of the water.

This backward glance was all the more interesting from the fact that it came on top of the celebration of the opening of the second pair of McAdoo tunnels under the Hudson river, when "three minutes from Broadway to Jersey City" became an accomplished fact. Jersey City at least recognized the importance of its proximity to Manhattan, and its manifestations of delight were unconcealed. Manhattan, however, is dubious, at least the politicians are, and Brooklyn frankly jealous of those Jersey sand hills now so accessible to Manhattanites. The backwardness of Brooklyn's transit facilities in comparison, only emphasizes the superiority of private over municipal enterprise.

* * *

ONLY two dramatic attractions are left, and of these, only "The Climax" is playing in a regular theatre. "A Gentleman from Mississippi," innured to heat, as gentlemen from the southern belt are supposed to be, found the Bijou too hot, and moved over to the more temperate Aerial Gardens atop the New Amsterdam Theatre. This is the only roof garden attraction of a dramatic tone, and from present indications the innovation seems to be a success. But then this entertaining, urbane comedy, as played by the unctious Mr. Wise, would be a success anywhere. As a piece of genial characterization, we have not had its equal in some time.

The other theatres remaining open are devoted to musical comedy. At Herald Square we have "The Beauty Spot," with De Angelis. At the Lyric "The Motor Girl," one of the brightest, prettiest, musical comedy offerings of the entire season, is playing to crowded houses. At the Broadway, Blanche Ring is playing in "The Midnight Sons."

Besides these three, roof gardens are in full swing on Broadway, one atop the New York Theatre, wherein a musical comedy company is gayly reviewing the "Follies of 1909." Naturally follies in review make light entertainment, however serious to ourselves and others in passing.

Hammerstein's and the American are devoted to vaudeville, and very full excellent bills they are. The prevailing attractions at the former are Kellerman, "the diving venus," and Gertrude Hoffman, once more in her visions of "Salome," with which the police have now for the first time interfered. I do not as a rule favor police censorship in matters theatrical, as witness my defence of "Mrs. Warren's Profession," but in so obvious an offense against public decency as these Salome exhibitions, even their undiscriminating intellects could not go far astray. While the case is sub judice, further observations would not be in order. I have no desire to give expert testimony. Of course, there are people who say that the new Police Commissioner's activities are designed merely to offset the impression that he stands for an "open town."

The drawing card of the American Roof Garden is Consul the Great, the almost man wonder. Consul's stunt consists in wearing evening clothes, dining, smoking a cigarette, ringing for a waiter, undressing( down to pyjamas), saying his prayers, and going to bed. As these exercises are habitual to the human family and express the sum total of its civilization, it is not necessary to point the wonder that a lower order of creation can offer so close an imitation to the real thing. As an actor Consul is about as successful as some of his fellow professionals in the mimetic art.

These attractions represent the sum total of our theatrical benefactions and provision for our summer entertainment.

But then, of course, there is always Coney Island.

J. E. W.

## The Railways and the Coal Supply.

SAYS The Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia: Seven railroads control the country's hard-coal supply, and fix the price which consumers shall pay therefor. One of them, the Lackawanna, handles about a sixth of the total product and pays its stockholders twenty per cent. a year in dividends. It markets some forty million dollars' worth of hard coal annually. Besides the direct profit on the coal, the road derives a gross freight revenue of fourteen million dollars a year from hauling it. Its annual report for 1908 says: "The price of anthracite coal established in 1902 has been generally well maintained in all markets."

Partly to break up this coal monopoly the law says a railroad must not own, directly or indirectly, the coal which it transports. The Lackawanna, heretofore owning the coal which it transported, has now organized a coal company, the capital stock of which it has given gratis to its own stockholders.

Hereafter, the railroad will mine the coal, then sell it to the company which its stockholders own, then transport it. Under the recent Supreme Court decision, this arrangement is perfectly legal.

The law says you must not have in your possession any dies from which counterfeit money may be made. If you tie a string to the dies and hang them out of the window the law will consider them still in your possession and punish you accordingly.

This simply illustrates one of the differences between you and a railroad. Incidentally, the Lackawanna gives its stockholders an extra cash dividend of twenty-five per cent. and an extra dividend of fifteen per cent. in stock worth six hundred dollars a share, besides the stock of the new coal company.

Afforestation has lately been proclaimed as a crying need now in Scotland, but early travelers in that country seem to have made many comments on the treeless aspect of the country. The Glasgow News quotes Sir Anthony Weldom as protesting in 1617 that if Judas had been a Scot he would have experienced difficulty in securing a tree to hang himself. Another Englishman who lived during the same period writes "that he had diligently observed, but can not see any timber in riding 100 miles." Perhaps this was largely due to the fact that efforts to adorn the landscape met with little appreciation. In one of his letters the second Earl of Stair asserts "that the common people have a natural aversion to all manner of planting, and do not fail in the night time to cut even with the root the prettiest and strongest trees for staves and plow goads."

We are apt to think of Turkey as being very much behind the times, but Mrs. Demetra Vaka Brown in her recently published "Haremlik" has a chapter on a suffragette meeting held by forty aristocratic ladies in a harem, the object of which the president declared was "to obtain freedom to choose our husbands and freedom to go about with men as we like."

Marshall Field was a commercial traveler; so was John Wanamaker. So also were Dwight L. Moody, the great evangelist, and Richard Cobden, the famous English statesman and writer. Ex-Governor Frank Black, of New York, followed "the road" with his sample cases before beginning his legal and political career.

THE OLD REGIME AND THE NEW.

Lady Dorothy Nevill being escorted by Mr. John Burns at the recent opening of the Victoria and Albert Museum, in London. Lady Dorothy Nevill, whose reminiscences were recently published, is one of the most interesting personalities living. Her extraordinary vivacity, her wit, and her conversational powers were, and still are, marvellous in spite of her age.


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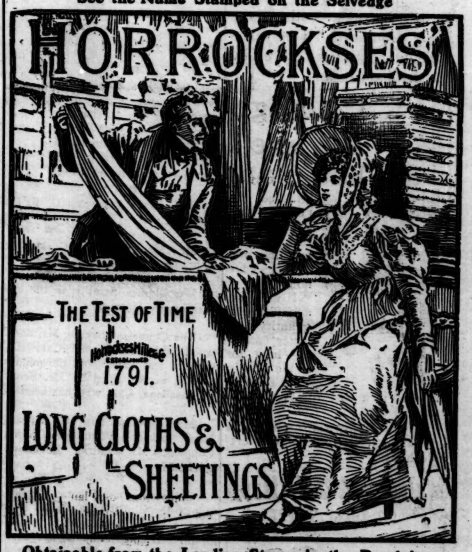


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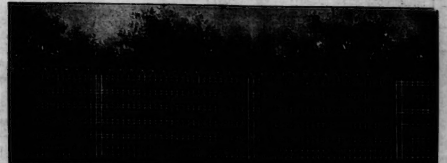

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# SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE splendid showing of the Canadian team at Bisley has focused attention and much interest has been taken in the matches. This week in line with the enthusiasm comes the formation of the Ladies' Rifle Association of Canada. While shooting is an excellent training for the eye and the nerve, it is very rarely that such sport is indulged in here, as little opportunity has been afforded so far for the practice. In England, with the hunting season and house parties on the moors, ladies are splendid shots; travelled Americans have followed their lead, and often good shots are encountered among them. For years there has been a flourishing rifle club in Bermuda, where the ladies use small rifles; Grand Forks, B.C., has also a lively rifle club, use rifles of 22-calibre single shot, and in the open, with their targets placed close to a mountain, shoot at 30, 40 and 50 yards.

At present a good many ladies are out of town, but the association starts with forty active members, and Lieut.-Col. Delamere, who is taking a kindly interest in the formation of the club, has lent a splendid air rifle to practice with during the summer, and in the autumn, when the members become more active, the intention is to go out to the ranges. Miss Catherine Merritt is a most enthusiastic promoter, and some of the members who are good shots, to begin with, are: Mrs. Meyers, Miss Constance Boulton, Miss Elsie Cotton, Mrs. Roaf and Mrs. Snell.

Dr. Fulton Risdon left on Tuesday for Seattle.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Sutherland, of Sherbourne Street, announce the engagement of their youngest daughter, Jean Stinson, to Dr. William Gordon Shepherd, of Lynn, Mass. The marriage will take place in September.

Toronto people staying at the Royal Muskoka Hotel are: Mr. John C. Hope, Mr. G. A. Malid, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lee. nurse and children, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. McBean, Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Boggs, Mr. C. A. Wilson, Mrs. Van Tassels, Mrs. Wm. Bailey and Miss Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Bailey and Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Harkness.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hunter announce the engagement of their daughter Gladys to Mr. John M. Ira Stranahan, of Penetanguishene. The marriage will take place early in September.

THE PRINCESS STEPHANIE OF BELGIUM. (Countess Elemer de Lonyay), the second daughter of King Leopold, who has been on a recent visit to London.

Rev. James Ross and C. F. Ross are summering at Balsam Lake.

Mr., Mrs. and Miss Gaskin are the guests of Mrs. Robt. Easton at Sturgeon Point.

Mrs. James Strathy is the guest of her son, Col. Strathy, in Montreal.

The Countess Nivcole, Mr. and Mrs. H. Cassell Sherwood and Miss Vivian Caldwell are touring through Canada, and leave about the middle of August for a trip abroad, accompanied by Mr. Scott Rathburn Sherwood, of Pasadena, Cal., who has been summering in Toronto.

Mrs. Sproule Smith has had as guests at her summer home, Jackson's Point, Mr. Gordon Bryan, Mr. Norman Copping, Mr. Eldrid Robertson and Miss Marie Cockburn.

Chinese and fancy lanterns gave a very festive decoration to the Club House, Balmy Beach, on Saturday night, when the "Balmy Beach Harriers" entertained a number of their friends. Supper was served after a number of games, and dancing finished off the evening's enjoyment. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. E. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. A. McDougall, Mrs. Verrall, Miss Powell, the Misses Sinclair, Miss Ayerst, Miss Nelson, Miss Mandern, Miss O'Neill, Miss Miller, Miss Chelew, Mr. Russell Purtle, Mr. Paul Lang, Mr. William Quinn, Mr. Harry Bickly, Mr. Fred Hancock, Mr. William Scott, Mr. Chas. Bockem, Mr. Archie Bolton, Mr. O. Kerr, Mr. Irving Parks, Mr. John Tate, Mr. Howard Walker and Mr. Philip Ham.

Mrs. E. R. Michie and daughter are the guests of Mrs. R. Sylvester, of Lindsay.

Mr. Gerald Hayward, of New York, is spending the summer at the Arlington, Cobourg. Toronto people staying at the same house are: Mrs. C. F. Chamberlain, Mr. Robert Henderson, Mr. A. A. Harvey and Mr. Thomas Jenkins.

Mrs. Thomas Gardiner is spending a couple of months in Galt; her daughter, Miss Victoria Gardiner, is visiting in Detroit and Clarksburg, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Mather are spending the summer at Tadousac and Murray Bay, and before returning home intend visiting Boston and the coast of Maine.

Mr. E. W., Mrs. and the Misses Jones, of Spencer Avenue, have sailed for England and the continent.

Among the Toronto guests at the Minnecoguashene Hotel are Mr. and the Misses Thurber, Mrs. Dunlop, Mrs. Baker, F. B. Henry, Detroit, Mrs. R. D. Langmuir and family, the Messrs. Ince, Chas. Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Irving, Miss Irving, Miss Bessie Irving, Mr. and Mrs. R. Davidson, Miss Norah Whitney, Mrs. Thompson, Lady Howland, Mrs. Garrow, the Messrs. Garrow, the Messrs. McDonald, Mr. McMaster, Mrs. Fenton Arnton, Mr. and Mrs. John Blaikie and family, the Misses Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Cross, the Misses Cross, Miss Aileen Robertson, J. C. Robertson, Mr. Geo. McKenzie, Miss MacKenzie, Mr. and Miss Horton, Dr. Holford Walker, Mr. Cochrane, Mr. Geo. Burroughs, Miss Jean Alexander, Mr. Geo. Alexander. Others are Mr. Percy Harmen, of Winnipeg; Mr. and Mrs. Peck and family, of Pittsburg; Mr. C. E. Robertson, Mrs. and Miss Spears and Miss Henry, of Baltimore; Mr. Chas. McMillan Burland, of Chicago; Lady Scofield, Messrs. Hugh and Evelyn Allen, of South Wales, and Mr. and Mrs. Wesener, of Saginaw.

Miss Ivy Knox, of Parkdale, has returned home from Georgian Bay, where she was the guest of Miss Carveth, Go-Home Bay, and Mrs. Harry Tilley, Cosy Island.

Miss Marion Cassell is visiting Miss Muriel Berzett, of Fairy Avenue, Huntsville.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Bertram, of Spadina Road, have gone to their new cottage at Eastbourne on Lake Simcoe.

Mrs. C. G. Ross, of Onawanga Cottage, Orchard Beach, gave her annual dance on Saturday evening last. Pretty decorations and Chineese lanterns gave the cottage a very gala appearance, and the occasion was a most enjoyable one for her many guests. among whom were: Miss Hilda Strachan, Miss Reita Ross, Miss Amy Robertson, Miss Allen, Miss Hunt, Miss Isabel Murphy, Miss Marguerite Coleman, Miss Estell Van Norman, Miss Marguerite Turner, Miss Muriel Rolston, the Misses Lailey, Miss Brunston, Miss Edith Robertson, Miss Helen Strachan, Miss Roche, the Misses Murray, Mrs. Harvey, Miss Maud Coleman, and the Messrs. Jack Murray, Clarence Van Norman, Irvine Ross, Jack Howard, Hugh Murray, Dr. Wood, Clayton Crawford, Ashley Kilgour, Frank Lloyd, Herbert Klotz, Nettleton, Vair and Jaffray Robertson.

The Parkdale Canoe boys are spending their holidays at Twelve O'clock Point.

Miss Clara Ward, B.A., of Cobourg, has been in town for a few days.

A quiet wedding was solemnized on Monday, July the nineteenth, at the home of Mrs. Mary Knowles, 484 Euclid Avenue, when her third daughter, May Irene, was united in marriage to Mr. Harry Hayhoe. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Willard Brewing, of Christ's Church, College St. The bride, who was given away by her mother, was attended by her sister, Mrs. (Dr.) James H. Carrique, while the groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Cecil Hayhoe. After a short wedding trip spent in the picturesque wilds of Muskoka, Mr. and Mrs. Hayhoe will reside in Toronto.

During the vacation for nine Sundays of the Rector of St. Judes, the Rev. H. Caplan is in full charge of the parish and filling the pulpit with much acceptance to the congregation.

Miss Nora Casey's marriage to Mr. Peard, of London, England, took place the fourth of August, at Macleod, Alberta.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Jones and daughter, 27 Spencer Ave., have sailed for England and the continent.

Mrs. Anderson and her daughters, Mrs. Bell and Miss Anderson, are spending a few weeks at Old Orchard Beach.

The delegates to the Quinquennial Congress, who went out to the coast, were royally entertained all along the route and on the return trip spent a day in Detroit, Mich., where the various clubs and local National Council, assisted by the mayor, gave them a strenuous and highly interesting day. They passed through town last week and were most enthusiastic over the trip and all the wonders of the country.

Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, who has been suffering for some weeks from the effects of a fall, died on Wednesday at 4.30 p.m. at the family residence, Wellington street west, to which she had only recently returned after two years spent abroad. Accompanied by her daughter, Miss Bessie, they were scarcely settled when the accident occurred, and throughout the anxious period, Miss Macdonald has been in constant and loving attendance on her mother, while leading surgeons and the best of trained nurses have done all that medical science could. Mrs. Macdonald, who was a Miss Gordon, and a sister of Lady Mortimer Clark, of late years has spent much time abroad, but before that was actively connected with much charitable work, and was socially, very prominent. She also leaves a son, Mr. J. Gordon Macdonald.

Sir William Ramsay, the English scientist who knows as much about radium as anybody, discovered some time ago that a big rubbish heap at the Trenworth copper mine, near St. Ives, Cornwall, held a lot of the precious stuff in its discarded pitchblende ore. The mine was closed in 1856, after $500,000 worth of copper had been taken out. Now an amount equal to the early realization will be obtained from the new treatment of the refuse ore by a method devised by Sir William.

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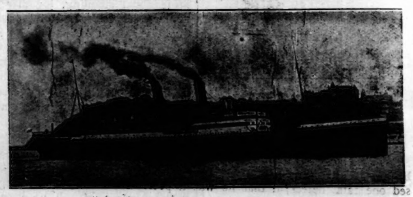

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S. J. SHARP, 71 Yonge St., TORONTO.


## He Went to Sleep, But—

RECENTLY, a friend who had heard that I sometimes suffer from insomnia told me of a sure cure. "Eat a pint of peanuts and drink two or three glasses of milk before going to bed," said he, "and I'll warrant you'll be asleep within half an hour." I did as he suggested, and now for the benefit of others who may be afflicted with insomnia I feel it to be my duty to report what happened, so far as I am able to recall the details. (The report is from The Good Health Clinic.)

First, let me say my friend was right. I did go to sleep very soon after my retirement. Then a friend with his head under his arm came along and asked me if I wanted to buy his feet. I was negotiating with him, when the dragon on which I was riding slipped out of his skin and left me floating in midair. While I was considering how I should get down, a bull with two heads peered over the edge of the wall and said he would haul me up if I would first climb up and rig a windlass for him. So as I was sliding down the mountain side the brakeman came in, and I asked him when the train would reach my station.

"We passed your station 400 years ago," he said, calmly folding the train up and slipping it into his vest pocket.

At this juncture the clown bounded into the ring and pulled the centrepole out of the ground, lifting the tent and all the people in it up, up, while I stood on the earth below watching myself go out of sight among the clouds above. Then I awoke and found I had been asleep almost ten minutes.

## CIVIC HOLIDAY.

Niagara Navigation Co. are offering special reduced rates to all points over the holiday, and will have an extra steamer in commission, so there will be no crowding. City ticket office, Traders Bank Building, open 7 to 10 o'clock Saturday evening. Unused tickets will be redeemed. Telephone Main 6536.

## Robin Hood No Myth.

MANY famous men have their names linked with Sherwood—King John, the three Edwards, Richard III., Cardinal Wolsey, and Charles I.—but the hero of the place, the "genius loci," is Robin Hood (says The London Globe).

Some think that the famous outlaw of the ballads was a myth, a mere poetic conception, and a creature of the popular mind, but Mr. Hunter, an interested and scholarly antiquarian, in his research into the person and period of Robin Hood, holds that he was born between 1285 and 1295, living through the reign of the second Edward and into the early years of the third. He was of a family of some station seated near Wakefield and supported the Earl of Lancaster in his rebellion against the government. When the earl fell and his followers were proscribed, Robin Hood took to the woods and supported himself by slaying the wild animals found in the forest and by levying a species of blackmail on passengers along the great road which united London and Berwick. This continued for about twenty months, from April, 1322, to December, 1323, when he fell into the king's power, who for some unknown reason not only pardoned him but gave him a place at court. Anyhow, a man of the name of Robyn Hode was a "vadlet" of the king in 1324.

Dr. Spencer T. Hall says that Robyn was created Earl of Huntington by a London ballad writer hard up for a word to rhyme to Little John. Be this as it may, Robin Hood will always be the hero of romance, and those who love romance will refuse to believe that he never existed.

Teacher: "Johnnie, do you know what a blotter is?" Johnnie: "Yessum. It's de t'ing wot youse hunts fer while de ink gets dry."—Chicago Daily News.

A word to the wise is not only sufficient; it is altogether too much.—Life.

# The "Passing" of Lord Rosebery

*By SCOTUS*

WITHIN the last few weeks some Canadian journals, amongst them The Toronto Globe, have prophesied the political extinction of Lord Rosebery now that, at last, he has announced his intention of formally separating himself from the Liberal party, I am not aware to what extent these organs pose as authorities upon the immutability of politicians. It may be that in this particular instance the wish is father to the thought, but one thing is certain, namely, that the services of an important personality such as Lord Rosebery undoubtedly is, will not be lost to the Empire for which he has already done so much, and which needs men of his type more than ever now.

Historical precedents for Lord Rosebery's action are not far to seek. To look back less than half a century it will be found that some of the most eminent British statesmen felt impelled to sever themselves from the political party with which they were originally identified, and serve the state in another. Benjamin Disraeli only attained distinction after he quitted the Whigs and allied himself with the Tory party; Mr. Gladstone, who began his political career as an orthodox Tory, was, for a period of unexampled length, the all-powerful leader of the Liberal party; and Mr. Chamberlain's powers as an Empire builder only found their proper scope after he left the Liberals for the opposite party. The services of such men as the late Duke of Devonshire and the late Lord Goschen were not of less value because they changed their party. As a matter of fact all the distinguished statesmen above mentioned were strengthened by their secession from old party ties; and, instead of suffering political extinction, they underwent political enlargement. Lord Rosebery is thus in good company, and if the prophetic role is to be essayed, it is just as safe to predict for this distinguished Scotsman success as the extinction which his erstwhile friends are so eager to condemn him to.

It is no rash assertion to make that while Lord Rosebery has been in the Liberal party, he has never been of it. Intellectually he is head and shoulders above the little men who compose the rank and file of that party. The best men in it to-day are of his own school of thought, and only party expediency keeps them associated with the product of the cramped and confined breeding places of the present-day English Liberalism. On what common ground could Lord Rosebery and the members of such a party meet? Fusion of any kind was an absolute impossibility. Year by year the clearage has become more acute, and no one who knows the type of the English Liberal party to-day is at all surprised that this should have been the case.

Lord Rosebery's short tenure of the leadership of the Liberal party was beset with many difficulties. Designated as his immediate successor by Mr. Gladstone, when age and infirmity necessitated the retirement of that doughty old warrior, the new leader was ostensibly received as the Elisha on whom had fallen the mantle of Elijah—not for long, however. Lord Rosebery possessed one fatal defect in that he was a peer. Notwithstanding the fact that he is steeped in democratic sentiment and has always chafed at the chains of his aristocratic environment, the "sea green incorruptibles" of the party doubled his sincerity. Incapable of comprehending the depth and profundity of the new leader's democratic aspirations, and disliking him because he was not a little Englander of their own type, they soon arranged that he should retire in disgust. Since then there is little doubt that they would have liked to have him back, and now that this is impossible they will execrate him the more. To secede from the Liberal party is an offence for which there is no forgiveness. This is as noticeable a fact as that converts from Conservatism to Liberalism must out-Herod Herod in their denunciation of the former party, if they are to quality for office in the Liberal party..

The scriptural saying that "a man's foes shall be those of his own household" is notably exemplified in the case of the leader of the English Liberal party. His greatest troubles are most often to be found within, and not without, his party. Mr. Gladstone knew this; Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman knew it; and Mr. Asquith knows it to-day. Lord Rosebery proved its truth for a brief period, but sufficiently long to last him for all time. When languishing in the shades of opposition, the Liberal party is more amenable to reason, but office brings all the internal sores to the surface, and the seeds of dissolution are sown. In the party to-day the elements of disintegration are already at work. Mr. Lloyd George by means of his Budget has introduced a sore of an almost incurable nature, and his substitution of a kind of vaudeville libretto for statesmen-like utterances when defending his budget in the House of Commons, does but accentuate the trouble. Once again, it may be asked, what has Lord Rosebery in common with a party whose Chancellor of Exchequer does not even understand his own proposals? Political memories are conveniently short, and it is desirable therefore to keep in view that Lord Roseberry's foreign policy commanded the respect of all Europe, and it is well that his disciple is at that important post to-day. In this respect, therefore, Lord Rosebery's services have been—nay still are—of the utmost value.

It is, however, as an apostle—one of the pioneer apostles, in fact—of Imperial unity that Lord Rosebery will go down to posterity. At a time when the little Englander was a power in the land, Lord Rosebery preached the gospel of an united Empire, and the formation of the Imperial Federation League, of which he was the first president, was almost contemporaneous with the appearance of Sir John Seeley's epoch-making book, "The Expansion of England." In season and out of season, and with all the charms of his matchless eloquence, Lord Rosebery advocated the cause which he had so much at heart, and those who were connected with the League in its early days—the writer amongst the number—can well recall the enthusiasm evoked by Lord Rosebery's utterances, and the intensity of the conviction expressed by his Lordship. Enthusiasm begets enthusiasm, and all over the Empire the Imperial Federation League fanned a flame which will never go out. As an educative influence the League was of inestimable service, and the principles which it enunciated are now those of the vast majority of Britons in whichever portion of the Empire their lot is cast. Lord Rosebery may very fitly be termed the dashing cavalier of Imperial unity, just as in Mr. Chamberlain were embodied the practical and concrete sides. Both were gifted with the vision of Empire, and it is by a combination of the ethical and practical, as exhibited in these two distinguished men, that the wished for goal will eventually be arrived at. Although Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain had done nothing else, their labors on behalf of the unity of the Empire will stand for all time.

Happy, thrice happy is the country possessed of statesmen who are not afraid to forsake the old paths and strike out a new course at the call of conviction, consistency ceases to be a virtue when it can only be retained at the sacrifice of principle, and the strong man is he who refuses to be dominated by the miserable quibble of party expediency, and who does not shrink from giving expression to the new light which burns within him. Great Britain has been singularly fortunate in obtaining the services of politicians free from the sordid vice of self-seeking, and surely the value of such men is enhanced when principle compels them to turn their backs upon their former selves, and follow their star in another direction. Notwithstanding the doleful vaticinations of biassed politicians or journals, there is a fighting chance that Lord Rosebery is not yet doomed to political extinction. Premature burial is a gruesome thing, but an imaginative interment is less dolorous, and thus while interested party organs are preparing for the obsequies, the patient, to their sore surprise, is quite likely to embarrass them by displaying recuperation powers of a kind undreamt of by them. The gifts and graces with which Lord Rosebery is endowed, are too precious to be wasted. The "passing" of such "a bright occidental star" is not yet *un fait accompli*, but whatever happens, whatever the gods may have in store for him, Lord Rosebery will at all events, be able to say, in the words of Seuccas "pilot" of old: "Oh, Neptume! you may save me if you will, you may sink me if you will, but, come what will, I shall keep my rudder true."

Portrait of James Whitcomb Riley: John S. Sargent.

Mother and Child: George DeForest Brush.

The Blue Cup: Joseph De Camp.

## An American Exhibition

THE fourth annual exhibition of paintings by American artists held in the Albright Art Gallery at Buffalo, has brought together a number of very fine pieces of work, representative of the best in contemporary American art. While the number of paintings is not very great—there are only one hundred and seventy—the standard of quality is very high. Almost every living American painter of reputation is represented there, and a further interest is given by the presence of some fine works by Whistler and Twachtman. Altogether the exhibition is an unusually interesting one, and its success is all the more remarkable, as the sudden death of Charles M. Kurtz, director of the Albright Gallery, threw the work of organizing the exhibition entirely on the shoulders of his assistant, Miss Cornelia Bentley Sage. The fact that this exhibition is generally regarded as the best that has yet been held in this gallery is sufficient evidence of the ability and industry Miss Sage has brought to the task.

The exhibition stays in Buffalo until August 30, then goes to the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts. All the pictures are "invited." Mr. Kurtz had confidence in his own judgment and the directors had confidence in him. So he dispensed with a jury of selection. Following his example, Miss Sage has chosen the pictures herself. She was able to secure some notable contributions from public and private galleries and from dealers, although, of course, by far the greater number of works come, and were intended to come, from the artists themselves.

Among so many fine paintings it is a little difficult to select a few as representatives. Those given in the accompanying pictures, however, are among the best, and have the further advantage of reproducing well—a point which would prevent the selection of several other beautiful, but rather hazy and indefinite paintings. Concerning the merits of some of the paintings, Academy Notes, an art magazine published in Buffalo, says in part:

"Of course, the place of honor is given to the superb work by Mr. James A. McNeill Whistler, entitled 'The Little Green Cap.' This holds the center of the north wall of Gallery XIV. It is difficult to describe a work by Mr. Whistler. One might simply say that this is a portrait of a young girl with fair hair, on which is placed a little green cap, the background and dress being of dull brown tones. Few can appreciate fully the marvelous drawing or the depth of the tones or technique—one can only try to feel the exquisite harmony and the soul in the work of a great master. In studying the work of Mr. Whistler, one finds with each visit something more beautiful to admire, something that before has not been seen, and something to which one is impelled to return.

Other Days: John W. Alexander.

"'The Little Red Box,' by Mr. William H. Chase, is a fascinating portrait of a young girl in a Japanese kimona, holding in her hand a little red box. Balancing the Chase picture is a 'Portrait of James Whitcomb Riley,' by John S. Sargent. This work is handled in Mr. Sargent's most masterful manner, and is one of the gems of the John Herron Art Institute.

"Standing in the center of Gallery XIV., if one looks to the right, in the center panel of the east gallery, one sees the 'Mother and Child,' by George De Forest Brush. This is one of Mr. Brush's most beautiful and important works, and is also one of the treasures of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. The mother stands, holding the babe in her arms. The figure of the woman is seen in three-quarters length. The flesh tones are exceptionally beautiful, and one sees at a glance that the picture is what might be termed a veritable modern Madonna. To the right of the babe, and rather in the background, is a child of about five or six years. The entire composition is painted in brown tones, with the exception of the little black cap on the head of the babe, which gives an accent to the whole.

"In the north transept of the Court, to one side of the entrance, is the work of Joseph DeCamp, entitled 'The Blue Cup,' and to the left is a work by William M. Paxton, called 'Sylvia,' both the most recent works of the artists. 'The Blue Cup' is a most realistic work; it held one of the places of honor in the recent exhibition of 'The Ten.' It is said to be DeCamp's best work; the still life in the composition alone would be worthy all the admiration this picture is receiving. 'Sylvia,' by Mr. Paxton, is a portrait of a beautiful girl—in technique it reminds one forcibly of the work of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The celebrated portrait of Rodin, by John Alexander, holds also a place in this transept. It will be remembered that this work created quite a sensation when it was exhibited in Paris at a recent date."

## Motoring in Cornwall.

A FEW notes from a motorist's diary may perhaps interest some of SATURDAY NIGHT's readers, and I am sure the name Land's End holds a charm for many ears. To me, it has always been a name full of interest, and my curiosity to see the end of England was satisfied yesterday. Rushing along the road to Penzance with occasional glimpses of the sea, we suddenly came round a bend in the road and found ourselves face to face with a grand stretch of water, and immediately before us a huge high rock crowned with a mediaeval castle. Recovering from our surprise we fished out our guide books, and presently found, as we half expected, that this was Saint Michael's Mount. There being another of the same name and general character off the coast of France had confused us, and not one of the party dared give voice to his suspicions until the book justified him in doing so, when one and all cried: "I told you so!" It was a grand sight, and no words of mine could possibly do it justice. Once an old monastery, it is now the residence of Lord Levan, who, when away from home, is kind enough to allow visitors to see through it. When the tide is out the rock is connected with the mainland by a low mud flat on which a paved causeway has been built, but when the tide is in, the rock lives up to the old school-book definition of an island, and is "entirely surrounded by water."

From this little village of Maragion and its wonderful rock, we followed the coast road to beautiful Penzance, where we found the chief streets almost blocked by coaches, farmers' waggons and traps of all kinds, Thursday being market day. Having refreshed ourselves with tea, and made sure of rooms for the night, we set out for "the jumping-off place." At first the country was fair and smiling like the rest of Cornwall, but presently as the trees and flowers vanished, it took on a frowning aspect. We soon found ourselves in the midst of scraggly hedges and great bare, brown fields, full of huge rocks. The last village seems to be a tiny place called Sennen, whose churchyard contains the oldest, most rugged Cornish Cross I have yet seen.

The single inn of the village has a double-faced sign, reading, "The Last Hotel in England," going, and "The First Hotel in England," coming back. In spite of this sign, we discovered another house dispensing hospitality at the extreme end of the road. Here we got out, and walked out as far as we dared, to gaze out over the sea towards France and the south, west and north. Truly it is an imposing sight.

The shore is, of course, all rock, great tall cliffs, whose base the waves lap incessantly. About a mile or two out a group of rocks rise out of the sea, the centre one crowned with a majestic lighthouse, the friend of many mariners. Just to the left and far below us one group of high rocks with the green and white waves dashing up against them made a picture alone worth travelling many miles to see. Our time being limited, we could only take a few photographs, purchase and post one or two picture post cards, and unwillingly turn our steps Penzance-ward again, leaving all the glories of sea and sky to other visitors.

M. S. C.

London, July 16, 1909.

The late Sir Thomas Brooke has bequeathed to the British Museum a Latin Psalter written in gold, with a portrait of the Emperor Lothaire, A. D. 840-55. As early as the tenth century the manuscript belonged to the Abbey of St. Hubert in the Ardennes, and it remained there until the French Revolution. The department of manuscripts has also been enriched by the original autographs of a sonata by Beethoven and of nine quartets by Mozart.

## Strange Story of a Big Bell.

FOR seven hundred years, some twenty fathoms below the waves off the coast of Chikuzen Province, Japan, there lay a great bronze bell, which has just been raised through the efforts of a Japanese antiquarian. Tradition has it (notes Leslie's Weekly) that the King of Korea, seven centuries ago, decided that he would send a fitting present to Kiyomori, the powerful leader of the Heike clan, on the west coast of the southern island of Kinshiu. He ordered the royal bell founders, masters of their art, to cast a bell. The dimensions were these: In height, one *jo*, six *shaku;* in diameter, eight *shaku*, nine *sun;* in circumference, two *jo*, eight *shaku*, seven *sun*. But tradition has not handed down translated proportions. The bell was successfully cast and was loaded on a huge junk at the Korean town of Masampes. A great fleet of convoys sailed with it to the coast of Chikuzen. The auguries were most auspicious; but suddenly a heavy sea churned up and tipped the junk, and the gift of the Korean King was lost in the depths. A hundred years later the descendants of the two rulers were at war. Among the fisherfolk of the Japan shore there sprang up many legends about the lost bell. When the sea raged they thought they heard the booming of the great bronze cup in the ocean's bed; and in time of earthquakes they listened for the mad tolling of the bell, which they thought would sound the signal for a tidal wave. The recovered bell will be taken to Kioto, where it will be hung in the Hongwanji temple.

## A Remarkable Dower.

WHAT seems at first sight the most modest dower on record is the bridal portion of the wife of a sergeant in the French army. He has been on colonial service, and married a creole girl from Mauritius, and her dot was an old envelope bearing two used stamps. They were what is known as "Post Office, Mauritius," the stamps being of little artistic beauty and bearing the words quoted. They were current only for a very short time. Most of them were used, it is believed, in sending invitations for a ball, consequently but few of the letters were preserved, and there has followed the usual law of supply and demand as regard value. The sergeant obtained expert advice on them, and was told that they were worth to-day $8,000, with the prospect of increasing in value as time goes on. The happy possessor put them in a little box and took them with him where he is stationed. He formed one of the French contingent lately in Crete. As soon as he arrived there he placed his treasure for safety in the strong room of a bank at Canea, where it lay during the time of the foreign protectorate. When the time came for the tropps to withdraw, the sergeant reclaimed his stamps. It was an event in Crete, for he was a very popular man, and a crowd accompanied him to the bank and cheered when he reappeared carrying the little box enclosing his treasure. The Paris paper which tells the story says that philatelists may expect a sensation ere long.

A charitable association, one of many which hold their annual celebrations at Scarboro Beach, changed the form of its entertainment last year and made its members attend the picnic in carnival dress. The novelty was a great success, for not only did the participants enjoy themselves to the utmost, but the other visitors to the park received a great deal of amusement out of the grotesque attire of the merry-makers. The Scarboro Beach management have elaborated this idea, and has inaugurated Carnival week. The grounds of the park will be elaborately decorated with carnival colors, and the buildings will be gay with flags and bunting. A committee of well-known citizens will be the judges, and there will be special prizes for the best national costume illustrating the dress or national characteristics of any country; also prizes for the best comic or grotesque costumes, and a grand prize for the handsomest lady's costume. There will be a Queen of the Carnival chosen by popular vote, ballots being attached to the entrance tickets. Each entry for the honor of Queen of the Carnival must be passed upon by the judges before being considered eligible, and any undesirable entry will be refused. The prize in this contest will be an upright piano.

# SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

TORONTO ladies do not leave the fostering and encouraging of sports to the men. In many branches they are keen and enthusiastic players, and put up good games of their own. Earlier in the season golf claimed attention; last week tennis was followed with absorbing interest and some of the leading exponents, Miss Lois Moyes, Miss Hazel Keith, Miss Rhea Fairburn and Miss Summerhayes, made such good showing they have been asked to participate in the Ohio State championships on August 2nd, when a special event, "Ladies Open Singles," has been introduced for them. Mrs. J. F. Hannam, an English lawn tennis player, has recently come to Toronto with her husband, who is the well-known Clifton and Gloucester Rugby football player, and both are considered great acquisitions to the ranks. As Miss E. M. Boucher, Mrs. Hannam, was regared as the lady champion of the near future, and her victims on the lawn have been Mrs. Laurd (nee Miss C. M. Wilson) and Miss Sterry, last year's champion. There is a strong possibility that Mrs. Hannam and Miss Sutton, the world's champion, will come together at the Niagara tournament in August. If they do the matches will be worth going a long way to see.

When the rain came down on Saturday afternoon the outlook for the success of the "Book Carnival"or bazar at Oriole avenue was not very bright. Town people going over thought the decorations were pretty and bemoaned the weather; but the Islanders are never bothered over such a small matter as rain. The booths were quickly dismantled and contents taken into the houses, where the living room and verandahs were utilized, and although mud was tracked in no one bothered and every one came to the rescue, as it were, with an abundance of cheerfulness, whole families were encountered on the board walk, making for the bazar and little maids under their daddy's umbrellas, were dolefully shaking their heads over the prospect. But those same daddies dug down in their pockets to help on the good work and every thing was quickly sold. Mrs. E. W. Langley, assisted by a number of young ladies, totalled the profits at $275.00, and the money will go to the Fresh Air Home at Whitby.

Miss Ethel Gsohl, of Buffalo, is visiting the Misses Ferry, of Davenport road.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Stark, Collier street, are at Ferndale House, Lake Rosseau, for a couple of weeks.

MRS. HOWARD GOULD,
Whose sensational separation suit from the well-known millionaire is now being heard in the American courts.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Mackenzie have returned to the city and are for the present *"en pension"* at 592 Jarvis street.

Delphi Inn, Fields'-Georgian Bay, Ont., is now open for the season and the following have registered: Mrs. Cleveland V. Hall and family, Toronto; Mrs. G. D'Arcy Boulton, Capt. and Mrs. Jessopp, Misses Lillian and Ada Orr, Mrs. Lockhart, Mrs. C. M. Taylor and family, Winnipeg, Man.; D. MacMurray, Hamilton, Ont.; Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hand, New York; Mrs. Geo. Serks, Fergus; Francis M. Caldwell Philadelphia; Misses Helen and Mildred Somers, Philadelphia; Miss Mason and Reginald C. Ellis, of Toronto.

Mrs. D. A. Currie 'Argyle Lodge," Collingwood, announces the engagement of her daughter, Flora, to Mr. J. V. Henderson, B.A., of the Collingwood Collegiate Institute, the marriage to take place the first week in August.

Mrs. Robert Angus, of St. George street, has returned from Muskoka.

Mrs. Grenfell, of England, mother of Dr. Grenfell, of Labrador, is visiting Miss Greenshields at Port Hope.

Mrs. W. Rice and children are taking the St. Lawrence trip to Montreal and will visit Mrs. J. Bennett, of Lachine.

Mr. T. J. Palmer, organist of St. Paul's church, has left for a visit to Prince Edward Island.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Fairbairn and family are summering at Port Colborne.

Miss Noreen Irwin, of Euclid avenue, is visiting relatives in Detroit, Mich.

The weekly dance of the Island Aquatic Association at the pretty club house on Centre Island, was a very gay affair, even though the weather was not all that could be desired for a summer hop. The patronesses were Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Dyas, Mrs. Moody, Mrs. W. Eastwood, Mrs. Lamont, Mrs. Horrocks, Mrs. Ardagh, Mrs. A. Ardagh, and Mrs. Lowndes. Among those noticed were: Misses Rush, Walton, Bolton, Petrie, McCausland, Colgate, Read, Bowes, K. Bowes, R. Bowes, McCorquadale, McKinley, Armstrong, Allan, Eastwood, R. Petrie, Tait, G. Tait, Trees, Mabel Keens, Carlisle, Clarkson, D. Clarkson, McIndoe, Bellingham, Gene Bellingham, Evelyn Reid, H. Reid, McDonald, Lee, Dyas, Denison, Ellis, M. Ellis, Alexander Armstrong, Ardagh, Tyler, Taylor, Lamont, Boyd, Horrocks, Reta Ardagh, Wilson, Thompson, Lennox, Spence, Mrs. Leigh Hammond and Miss Lennox and the Messrs. Bilkie, Huckvale, McDonald, Fraser, Allan, McLachlin, Lean, Cupping, McCordick, Meredith, A. Meredith, H. Ireland, Hargraft, Sanderson, Perry, Clarkson, Lamont, Watts, D. Watts, Chenwith, Gibson, Appleyard, Whitfield, Paulscheura, Chadwick, Ahern, S. Trees, McBeth, Gilbert, Nash, Brazil, Moyer, Wordley, Brown, Robinson, Grant, Wilson, Evans, E. Evans, Grantham, Bishop, Gooderham, Haywood, Good, Greey, Gooderham, Burroughs, Boyd, Lyall, E. Lyall, Douglas, Brown, Lanners, Scott, Ryerson, Burns, and Mr. and Mrs. Sharpe.

Toronto people at the Royal Muskoka Hotel are Mr. W. Scriver, Mr. J. F. Smith, Mr. T. H. Barton, Mr. R. F. Wilks, Mr. A. M. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Smith, Master Howard Smith, Mr. W. A. Knox and Mrs. Knox, Miss Thornhill, Mr. R. A. Laidlaw, Mr. S. T. Lewis, Mr. E. Hodgins, Mr. A. Gosset and Mr. T. J. Rooney.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Houston have leased a residence in Besserer street, Ottawa, where Mr. Houston has been recently appointed manager of the Imperial Bank. Miss Edith Nordheimer will go down with her sister and spend some weeks at the Capital.

Mrs. Alfred Wood, of Westmount, Montreal, accompanied by her young daughter, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. King, of Cowan avenue.

On Saturday evening, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, about one hundred young people were at the weekly dance of the Kew Beach Club and spent a jolly evening. Some of those present were Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Crombie, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. T. Harland Fudge, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Kirby, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Purkis, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Horan, Dr. and Mrs. G. G. Jordan, Miss Violet Lougheed, Miss Caroline Lougheed, Miss Alberta McDermott, Miss Jessie Stewart, Miss Florence Wren, Miss Maud King, Miss Edna Hinch, Miss Florence Weighill, Miss May Gemmell, Miss Gertie Gemmell, Miss Ella Whitlam, Miss Dorothy Peters, Miss F. Cain, Miss B. McWilliam, Miss Madge O'Leary, Miss Boland, Miss Clarke, Miss Oakley, Miss May Duggan, Miss J. J. Johnston, Mr. A. H. Lougheed, Mr. G. M. McTaggart, Mr. G. C. Scott, Mr. C. G. Sparrow, Mr. T. H. McDermott, Mr. John Scranton, Mr. John Powers, Mr. A. G. Allen, Mr. Leo L. Dean, Mr. Robt. Rolland, Mr. A. E. Carlisle, Mr. E. M. Cockin, Mr. B. H. Symes, Mr. Geo. W. Brown, Mr. Barton Howitt, Mr. Chas. Powell, Mr. A. C. Botterell, Mr. John Mortimer, Mr. R. Caldwell, Mr. W. D. Shaughnessy, Mr. T. J. Glover, Mr. G. R. Nelles, Mr. H. T. Watt, Mr. J. R. Bell, Mr. A. A. Hoover, Mr. W. N. Downs, and Mr. F. Kennedy.

Miss Norah Sankey is spending the summer at Cap a l'Aigle with Mrs. Gorden Mackenzie.

The Misses Hamilton have gone to spend a few weeks at Lily Dale, N.Y., and will afterwards visit their parents Rev. J. and Mrs. Hamilton, Lindsay.

Mr. Herman Nerlich sails for Europe this week to spend some time abroad.

A very pretty wedding took place on Wednesday afternoon, July 21, at the home of the bride's mother, 18 St. James avenue, Toronto, when Miss Isabella Margaret Taylor, eldest daughter of the late John Taylor and Mrs. Taylor, was united in marriage to Mr. Duncan Forbes, of Balnamuir, Aberfeldy, Scotland, son of the late Duncan Forbes and Mrs. Forbes. The bride's family lived for many years in the vicinity of Huntsville, Muskoka, her parents being among the early settlers of that district. Some years ago they removed to Toronto and took up their abode at their present home on St. James avenue. The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Dr. Taylor, of Hanover, wore a handsome Princess gown of white batiste, filled in with Valenciennes laces over silk, and wore the time-honored bridal veil and orange blossoms, and carried a beautiful shower boquet of bridal roses and lily of the valley. She also wore the groom's gift, a handsome gold chain. Her going-away suit was a very smart Princess gown in apricot shade of rajah silk, with long coat of the same material to match, and a hat trimmed with different shades of mauve lilacs and pink roses. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Christena Taylor, who wore a charming frock of light blue voile over silk, and carried a boquet of pink carnations. The groom's attendant was an old schoolmate, Mr. A. Robertson, late of Aberfeldy, Scotland. The groom's gift to the bridesmaid was a pearl spray, and to the groomsman a pearl scarf pin. Owing to the absence of Rev. Dr. Neil, the bride's pastor, Rev. A. Logan Geggie, of Parkdale, officiated, the bridal party taking their place under a large wedding bell in the beautifully flower-bedecked drawing-room. Mrs. Richardson played the "Wedding March" in an artistic manner, while Mr. Richardson charmed the company with his singing of the "Bridal Hymn." After the ceremony the bridal party and the numerous guests repaired to the large parlor, upstairs, where a dainty buffet luncheon was served and congratulatory speeches indulged in. The popularity of the bride was attested to by the beautiful array of presents in silverware, cut glass, needle work, linens, jewelry, clocks, together with a number of bank cheques. Mr. and Mrs. Forbes left at 5 p.m. for a trip up the lakes and through to Winnipeg, Calgary and Edmonton. As they took the taxicab at the door they received a shower of rice, confetti, flowers and good wishes from all for a happy journey.


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The old joke about the hired girl refusing to take a situation because "the mistress's references were not satisfactory" is coming true in a startling manner. At a meeting the other day in Berlin of the recently formed Union of Domestic Servants, it was decided that a blacklist should be drawn up of the names of such householders that were not considered desirable employers, the list being compiled on the basis of complaints respecting wages, bad food, ill treatment, etc., which all domestic servants have undertaken to furnish to the union in future. The unfortunate householders whose names get on the blacklist will find themselves boycotted, and the servants hope to force concessions by these means.

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Father—"And so your teacher is dead?" Sonny—"What's the good of that while the school is still there?"—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

# THE POWER OF THE PAST

*By* EDITH RICKERT

IT was altogether out of place for Honoria, being already engaged, to show such interest in a mere passing acquaintance like Mr. Trench; her sister made mental notes on a lecture to be delivered on the subject. Moreover, it was strangely unlike Honoria, who took everything, even her engagement, most seriously. And this Mr. Trench was not in the least like Dick's report of him. Mrs. Selwood tried to recall the letter word for word—"silent, reserved, inclined to pessimism, a good fellow with men, but not at all fond of women, a clever barrister, with the additional faculty of making the dust stick." He might be that; and "pretty well knocked up through overwork"—he certainly looked that.

"But, then," she lamented to herself, as she fluttered the pages of the novel she was supposed to be reading, and, from beneath her sunshade, watched the two on the rocks below, "Dick thought he probably would not use his introduction to us, and here within the fortnight he is making love to Honoria! If Philip should run down for a week-end now, it might be awkward!"

But Mrs. Selwood was quite mistaken. Peyton Trench was not making love, and Honoria was (involuntarily, perhaps) wishing that he would. He was talking philosophy, and Honoria was (quite definitely) wishing that he wouldn't.

She assented and disagreed indifferently, having far more interest, it seemed, in the pebbles she was dropping into the sea below than in anything her companion was saying.

"But do you think you can possibly foretell what any man will become—ultimately?" he persisted with a curious earnestness, quite unlike his usual tactful way of falling into her moods.

"'We know what we are,'" she began idly, and stopped. It was not worth the effort to continue.

"Environment and heredity fighting it out. Who knows which will win?" "Environment, if one could always live in Cornwall," was her answer. "You couldn't be wicked, with that fairyland of purple coast-line before you; or sorrowful, with the possibility of a sea-maiden popping up in the cave over there; or prosaic, under the walls of King Arthur's castle—could you?"

"Oh, yes! all those things," he retorted coolly. "I'm not romantic, like you."

She was a trifle nettled, and answered, twisting her ring: "Haven't we had enough philosophy for one day?"

"Does it bore you?"

"Rather. My mind is not large enough to be interested in such matters unless they have a personal application."

"I should have called this rather personal; but perhaps you have had no hereditary weaknesses to conquer—only graces to develop. Well—to change the subject—that's a pretty ring; looks like an engagement ring."

"It is," said Honoria calmly; and there was a silence.

"You haven't worn it before—since I came—have you?"

"I cut my finger," she explained, "and it was very painful at first; and then—I forgot." She ended lamely and in some confusion.

"Then how could I be expected to know?" he demanded.

Honoria turned and looked at him steadily; at the dark, irregular face, with its strong lines and angles, at the light-grey eyes, now rather clouded, but ready for a sudden impulse of mirth, at the humorous uplifting of one eyebrow above the other, at the one-sided smile, half-amused, half-satirical, on the somewhat grim mouth. Then she made up her mind and said deliberately—

"I don't see that it makes the least difference whether you know or not."

"Nor do I," he granted; "only you took the trouble to tell me, by wearing your ring again."

Honoria looked away, hot and uncomfortable.

"I wonder why it is that I like you so much?" he continued presently, with a change of tone.

"So do I," she answered lightly—"that is, if you do."

"Well, I do," he said simply, and added: "It isn't because you are pretty, you know; I've seen scores of prettier women."

"Thank you!" She bent her head in saucy acknowledgment.

"You must know that is true—unless you are vain, and I didn't think that of you. Am I wrong?"

"Perhaps it is because of my cleverness?" she suggested a trifle bitterly.

"No, nor yet because you dress well; nor for your pretty ways; nor for your strangeness. You are delicate and elusive, and as prickly as a—a sea-thistle, Honoria," said he, finding his image at last in the little blue flower growing at his feet. "I think I love you for your honesty."

So here was the love-making; and after all, Honoria did not like it!

"I am not 'Honoria' to you," she corrected him gently.

"Did I call you that? I am very absent-minded. But it doesn't matter," he concluded, as if to himself.

"Doesn't it?" she retorted, with a little laugh. "Mr. Lane would hardly agree with you."

"Lane? Oh! the other fellow. I see."

"Lucy will be wanting to go back. It's nearly tea-time," she suggested, as he did not seem disposed to break the silence.

"She went ten minutes ago," he answered. "I heard the swish of her skirt. I think she wanted us to join her."

"By all means," said the girl, and rose quickly.

Not one word did they speak as he helped her up the steep cliff-path. When they were going along the stony road, she skilfully steered the conversation into safe shallows, with no help from him beyond a bare monosyllable now and then. But when they stood at the gate of the farmhouse where she and her sister lodged, he seemed suddenly to rouse himself.

"Miss Bentley," he said, as he opened the wicket for her, "I have made a fool of myself this afternoon."

"Yes, I think you have," she admitted sweetly. "Come in to tea."

"No, thank you. I don't deserve it," he began. But as she walked away without dismissing him, he felt called upon to follow her up the path. As they passed under the arch of fuchsia-trees, with their dropping points of flame, he continued hesitatingly: "I don't exactly know how to undo it."

"There's no way," she interrupted quickly. "Such things are never undone; they are forgiven often; forgotten—sometimes."

There was a curious note in her voice that made Trench lean forward to see her face; but she kept it turned away.

They reached a desolate little vine-covered summer-house, damp yet from the recent rain, its floor strewn with dead leaves and unripe grapes; and there Honoria paused, with her hand resting on a rickety, lichen-covered table, and faced him.

"I must go," he began; but she looked at him, dumb and wide-eyed with some emotion that made him ask hurriedly: "What is it? What is wrong? Tell me."

"You said I was honest," she almost whispered, "and—and I must be—now. I don't know what you have done—you have—you have caught my soul away from me."

He stepped back, suddenly white and frowning.

"You have—I don't know how it could happen—in two weeks—but my will is no longer mine." Her steady look dropped and she turned away; and still he waited, quiet, almost breathless, it seemed.

"You mean that you—love me?" he asked at length.

"I don't know," she answered dully; but went on with sudden anger: "I don't know what love is! I thought I loved Philip—I told him so. But perhaps there are other kinds of love—for other people. I don't know. Tell me what to——"

She stopped and held out her hands appealingly, but before he could take them, slipped her ring upon the table.

"I must be free," she said simply.

Then he took her hands, but almost coldly; for she, looking up into his face, was frightened and asked: "Are you ill?"

"No," he answered, smiling a little, but with beads of sweat on his forehead; "only tempted."

"You mean—that I—I—am mistaken?"

And then he was holding her close, his face against her brow, as he said hurriedly: "It is all wrong, Honoria. I am sinning against you—now—this moment; for even if you were free, I am not."

She closed her eyes, as if to keep out the pain.

"You are married, then?"

"Oh, no!"—with a startled lifting of the head.

"Engaged, then?"

"Not at all."

"How, then, not free?"

"I can't tell you."

"But why?" She tried to draw away; but he held her fast.

"I—I cannot. I am a coward."

"Let me go!" she said in a low, shamed voice that admitted of no denial. And when he had released her, she stood with one hand leaning on the table, the other putting back her dishevelled hair.

"I can't—quite—see," she said presently.

He was equally slow in answering: "There are some things a man cannot help."

"And there are some a woman cannot understand. You said—you made me think that you cared——"

"And so I do; but I did not mean to tell you."

"Yet when I—let you see—you put me aside—without any reason——"

"Yes," he admitted quietly; "it is wrong—wrong; but I cannot do otherwise—at present."

"Will you tell me some day?"

"If I can. Honoria! Don't look at me in that way. I can't stand it."

"Is it something—something that you have done? I could forgive you much," she pleaded timidly.

"No; it's no use. I've wronged you and myself. And your lover——"

She put up her hand to stop him.

"——he must be considered. You loved him two weeks ago. You will love him again."

She looked at him in silence, biting her lips to keep back the tears.

"It's altogether my fault, and I'll go away at once; then, perhaps——"

She suddenly caught his arm and laid her cheek against it. "Are you made of granite, that you have no pity for us?"

"Crumbling stone," he answered, with a faint smile, "or I should never have let things come to this pass."

He would have gone then, but she clung to his arm desperately, saying: "I cannot let you go—not if you love me—as you say. Kiss me—let us be happy—kiss me!"

"If I do, I'm lost," he said shortly. "If you have any respect for me, Honoria, or wish to have, be strong for us both."

And presently, as he waited, she lifted up her head and said very quietly, turning away along the path: "Yes, I will. Good-bye."

"A moment," said he, and she looked over her shoulder to see him holding her ring. "You have forgotten this."

As she took it, he added: "Put it on!"

"Not yet!"

"Better."

"I can't. Would you make me desperate?"

"God forgive me, Honoria!"

"I hope he may," said she bitterly. "I can't." And she went away without looking back.

"I couldn't wait for you any longer," said her sister, as she entered their sitting-room. "I'll ring for some fresh tea. Isn't Mr. Trench coming?"

"No," said Honoria, and shut her lips tightly as the lecture began.

Presently she walked over to the mantel and opened a leter lying there. As Mrs. Selwood concluded, she turned to her with a slight smile, saying: "This is from Philip. He writes that he is thinking of coming down for the week-end—to-morrow. I shall wire him to postpone it; that is all."

"Honoria!"

"Lucy!"

"Have you gone mad?"

Honoria laughed. "Oh, no; I—I think not; only—next week would suit me better. I can explain to him. Don't you bother!"

"It is very fortunate for you," said her sister slowly, "that Philip has a good temper."

"Yes, I congratulate myself," said Honoria, still laughing a little, as she went out of the room. "No, thank you, I don't want any tea."

It was towards the end of the following week that their landlady said, as she brought in the breakfast—

"Mr. Trench had a bad night, mum."

"Is he ill?" asked Mrs. Selwood. "I wondered why we had not seen him lately," she continued, turning to Honoria.

"There now, mum, I thought there was something I meant to tell you. He's been very bad for several days; and Mrs. Brown was so anxious that she wanted to have the doctor from Camelford—only he wouldn't hear of it——"

"What is the matter with him?" interrupted Honoria.

"Why, that's just it, miss. Mrs. Brown doesn't know——"

The sisters listened in silence to the long list of symptoms that Mrs. Brown had discovered, or thought she had discovered; and when the landlady was gone, Lucy said—

"I suppose, as he is Dick's friend, we ought to send to inquire; or, perhaps, when we are out this morning, we might stop and ask. Which do you think would be better?"

"Just as you like," said Honoria indifferently.

Eventually they had no need of a decision, for on their way to the cliffs they met Mrs. Brown just turning in at her own gate, and stopped to ask—that is, Lucy asked, while Honoria stood by, tracing patterns in the dust with her sunshade.

"You see, mum, I'm afraid he's losing his mind," the woman was saying; "such a nice gentleman as he is, too——"

She stopped in amazement, and Lucy turned to see her sister slowly

(*Concluded on Page* 20.)

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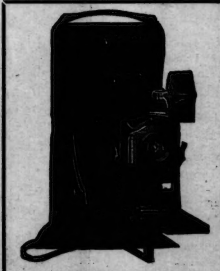

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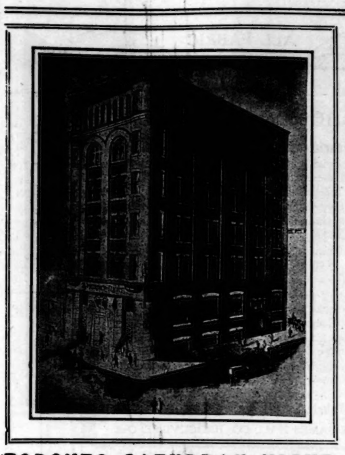


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FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

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# !?· POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE ·?!

## His Uncle Richard.

JUDGE MAHAFFY, of Muskoka, some time ago enjoyed a trip abroad, and since his return he has had quite a lot of interesting experiences to relate and was induced to write some of them for publication in The Herald, of Bracebridge, where he lives. One of the judge's stories relating to his visit to his native Ireland is at once gruesome and highly amusing. He tells it this way:

I paid a visit to the old parish church at Bailieboro one day to look up my grandparents' graves, and, walking up the slope leading to the church that stands at the top, I noticed the sexton as I thought digging a grave. I went over to speak to him and just as I got there he pulled the lid off and disclosed the skeleton of a tall man. There he lay, or rather his bones, just as he was buried, the flesh and clothing all gone. The skeleton was perfect, the arms down at the sides. The ground being clay and wet, had given the bones the color of walnut. The teeth were all there, quite sound, and the underjaw having dropped down on the breast made the mouth look wide open and gave him the appearance of having a sardonic laugh, at what was going on above. It was a gruesome sight.

"What on earth are you uncovering the body for?" said I.

"Oh," said he, "one of his relations has died and desired to be buried with him."

"Why," I said, "Is that a common thing here?"

"Oh yes," he said, "very common."

"Who was this man?" I asked.

"Richard Blank," said the sexton.

"Why," I said to myself, "we have a family of that name in Muskoka, and one of them has the same Christian name. They are all tall people, too."

"When did he die?" I asked.

"Twenty years ago," said the sexton.

I said no more but treasured up the incident to see about it on my return; in fact for six months I could not get the remembrance of it out of my head. After my return, while revising voters' lists, I came to the place one day where the family of that name lived, and in the evening called on them.

"What part of Ireland did you come from, Mr. Blank?" I asked.

"County Cavan," said he.

"What was your market town?"

"Bailieboro," he said.

"And what church did you belong to?" I asked.

"Oh, at that time," said he, "we were English church."

"Yes," I said; "I was over there last May and saw your uncle Richard."

"Oh, no," said he; "Uncle Richard died twenty years ago."

"I know," I said, "but I saw him."

"Oh," he said, "how could that be? Uncle Richard is buried at the Parish church in Bailieboro these twenty years. He left us a legacy."

I then told him the circumstances, and strange as it may appear, it was sure enough the skeleton of his Uncle Richard that I happened in the very nick of time to see uncovered. You see that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.

## Peter Ryan's Wooden-legged Rat.

MR. PETER RYAN has a reminiscence of his early days in the north of England that, though it sometimes provokes scepticism, is vouched for as true, for Mr. Ryan absolutely declares that he is no nature fakir. In those days, before the coal-oil lamp or illuminating gas had penetrated rural England, he was staying for a few days at a small inn there. To while away the evenings, he followed his beloved pursuit of reading, his light being a tallow tip. One night he was surprised to see a large rat stick his nose out of a hole in the floor and then come out, followed by several other rats. They made a rush for the candle, and made off with it before Mr. Ryan's eyes.

The next night he determined to be armed and well prepared and had a poker handy. When the rats duly made their appearance, he smashed at them. All succeeded in scurrying down the hole unharmed except one big fellow that was struck by the poker and left half of his hind leg behind as he ran to his hiding place.

"Next day," says Mr. Ryan, "a large wire trap was set and several rats were captured. Will you believe it, one of them was minus part of his hind leg, but the intelligent animal had picked up a small spool and thrust the stump through it! Thus he had found a fair substitute for a wooden leg. Of course, I cannot say that it was the same rat, but the coincidence was remarkable."

A friend of Mr. Ryan's related this remarkable instance of animal intelligence to a gentleman who had also spent his early years in the Motherland. He was greatly interested and said:

"The occurrence reminds me of something which happened in the village where I was reared. Some neighbors of ours lived in a cosy villa, and had a house dog who was a great pet and possessed a great deal more intelligence than the average village yokel. One evening the villa caught fire and the family barely escaped with their lives. They were standing on the lawn mournfully watching the destruction of their home, when the dog, who had been standing by his master, suddenly ran toward the burning house and disappeared through the smoke and flames. Presently he was seen to appear at an upper window with something in his mouth. He jumped to the ground, but in his exhausted condition alighted so hard that he broke his back. He crawled to his master's feet, and there expired. They stooped to see what it was that he had lost his life in saving. What do you think they found? Why the fire insurance policy on the house."

## Rectors at Cricket.

THE newly-appointed rector of St. James' Cathedral is a first-class cricketer, and when he was professor at Wycliffe College a few years ago, the followers of the game always expected some pretty batting when Dean Plumptree went to the wicket. He did not remain in Toronto long enough at that time to become firmly established in the church life, but he undoubtedly made a place for himself among the wielders of the willow. One enthusiastic supporter of the game described Dean Plumptree as the foremost of the dozen real cricketers in the country. The same person, bemoaning the annual defeat by the United States in the International match, exclaimed:

"There are only a few Canadians who know how to play cricket, and they are not Canadians!"

If the rector of St. James' takes part in the cricket matches, he will not be establishing a precedent, for less than a month before his departure, Canon Welsh acted as captain of a team which played against a team of ladies on the grounds of Bishop Strachan's School. The popular Canon wore the regulation ducks and looked every inch a cricketer. He received an ovation as he walked out on the field and took the correct position at the wicket. He looked good for a century if style counted for anything. The young lady who was bowling did not always come anywhere near the batter, but her first ball to the rector was dead on the wicket. His stroke would have been good for a boundary, but it failed to connect, and bales flew in every direction. Clean bowled as the first ball! But a precedent had been established.

## Mr. Cushman as a Joker.

CANADIANS who read the death very recently of Hon. Frank W. Cushman, Congressman for the State of Washington—that is, if they read of it at all—were unaware that he, less than three months ago, was the "star" feature of the annual banquet of the Canadian Club of New York. Near to him sat Hon. Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior; Hon. George E. Foster, of Toronto; Sir James Grant, of Ottawa; and Mr. W. O. Sealey, M.P., of Hamilton. Mr. Cushman's special subject was the Panama Canal, of which he, as the representative of a Pacific Coast state, had made an intimate study, and which he had visited twice. But what delighted the Canadians at the New York banquet most with him was the humor which characterized his utterances before he got down to business with the subject that he was to talk about.

One of his stories Mr. Foster and Mr. Oliver still recall as peculiarly effective, and will probably use it on the political platforms in various parts of the country during the next Federal campaign. Mr. Cushman told of how in a stumping tour in the State of Alabama he had once hurriedly jumped off a train to get some change. Greeting the first man he met, who happened to be an old negro, he said: "Say, can you change me a twenty dollar bill?"

The negro looked at him for a moment and then said, laughing: "No, boss, I can't; but I thanks you for de compliment."

At the same banquet Mr. Cushman explained his nervousness at being among such a distinguished assemblage as the Canadian Society of New York. "Coming as I do from the far West," he said, "I get so nervous that I can hardly get my knife into my mouth."

But probably the most amusing of all the quips he got off was that which followed a lengthy description of the emotions which filled him in seeking political recognition. He admitted that when he came to Washington from Seattle and his feet struck the turf of the capital of the United States, that the earth trembled. He knew it because he felt it tremble under his feet. But unfortunately when he reached the doorway of the Capitol, a couple of guards stationed there challenged him.

"One of the fellows grabbed hold of me," said Mr. Cushman, and said: "Stand back there; stand back; keep this way clear for Congressmen."

Mr. Cushman said: "If you please, sir, I am a member."

The guard said: "You are what?"

"I am a member of Congress; I am Mr. Cushman from the state of Washington.

The guard took out a long printed list and discovered the name.

"Are you Francis W. Cushman?" he asked; and, receiving an affirmative, bowed very low and said: "Pass right in, Mr. Cushman."

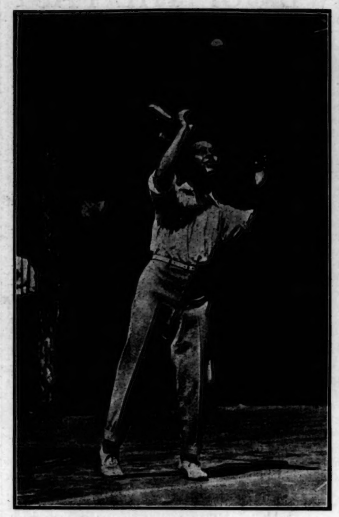
As the new Congressman passed through the swinging doors he heard the guard say to his companion: "Good God, Bill, did you pipe that? I'll never have the nerve to turn down anything else that shows up."

No wonder the Canadian Club of New York passed a resolution of regret on the death of so breezy a statesman.

PROUD PAPA AND PERVERSE BABY.

This photograph was taken in the gardens of La Granja on the occasion of the christening of King Alfonso's baby daughter. In the photograph King Alfonso is holding his younger son, Don Jaime, whom the Marquis de Viana is endeavoring to amuse and apparently from the expression of the infant without much success.

## The City's Tennis Champions



MR. R. H. BAIRD.

MRS. HANNAM.

MRS. Hannam and Mr. R. H. Baird have come out of the city tennis tournament as champions in the women's and men's open singles. Their victories occasioned little or no surprise, as their previous records had prepared people to see them yin the titles. Especially was this true of Baird, who held the championship last year and who is generally recognized as the strongest and most consistent player in Toronto, if not in Canada. Baird is not at all a brilliant or a showy player, and he makes little use of what are called modern methods. He relies principally on his strength and his accuracy. These, with his unfailing steadiness, wear down his opponents. Paterson, his principal rival, is an altogether different class of player—graceful and brilliant, and using all the latest cuts and tricks of delivery. But for the second year the older methods have proved victorious. As regards Mrs. Hannam, the English woman, whose victory was so decisive, she, also, is of the steady, strong type of player, rather than the brilliant. This is strikingly shown in her distrust of volleying. In her match with Miss Moyes she refused to volley even the most simple shots, but would run back and take them off the ground. But her accuracy was wonderful, and it was her placing of line-shots which wore Miss Moyes out.

## Joe Kelley's Biting Wit.

ACCORDING to the sporting writers on the daily press and the most of the local "fans," the umpiring of Jack Toft, a former Toronto Ball Club catcher, at the Eastern League ball games at Toronto this week has been considerably off color.

Joe Kelley, the playing manager of the Torontos, didn't think much of Jack's work. Joe might have been put out of a game or off the grounds altogether if he had kicked too strenuously, but in the game on Monday he had his revenge and yet stayed in the game. Jack, as Joe knows, is proprietor of the Tecumseh House, which was one of the forty Toronto hotels cut off by the License Commissioners on May 1.

Well, when Jack gave a decision which Joe didn't think just, the latter, instead of resorting to the time-honored phrase, "You're rotten," said with biting sarcasm:

"Say, it's too bad you lost your license."

## Last of Thousands.

A GOOD story is told of a trick played some year ago by a well known Montreal newspaperman on his father, a minister in Chicago. The scribe was home on a visit, and while knocking about the house came on his father's purse. Looking into it in idle curiosity he discovered a single one-dollar bill. The sight of the lone bill brought an inspiration, and, taking out his fountain pen he wrote on the margin of the bill the following words: "The last of many thousands spent on wine and women."

Not long after his father called him into his study. The minister's manner was very impressive.

"See this, my boy," he said in solemn tones, handing over the bill with the inscription, "study it carefully, and ponder on its lesson. This is a sad warning given to us all by some unfortunate wretch who fell lower and lower until he reached the end of his fortune. God alone knows if after spending that final dollar he did not end his fatal career by a self-inflicted death. Take this to heart, and—" the sermon went on for about a quarter of an hour.

At first the joker had been inclined to tell the truth about the inscription to his father. But as the clergyman proceeded in a voice of great emotion, he realized that the explanation would be difficult to make. And finally he decided to let the matter rest and leave his father in the possession of this beautiful case in point. The result was that the minister got up in his church the next Sunday with the dollar bill in his hand, and preached on this text one of the most powerful sermons he ever delivered. In fact so great was the success of it, that every now and then he makes the famous dollar bill the subject of an exhortation to young men. It would be a brave man who would tell him the true story of it now.

Mene Wallace, the Eskimo boy who was brought to the United States in 1896 by Commander Peary, has finally been speeded on his return to the north.

They were discussing the proper pronunciation of the name of W. Somerset Maughan, the dramatist, who suddenly burst on London some time ago with four plays.

"That name is pronounced 'Mawm,'" declared one who had been in London.

"No—it's surely 'Mawum,'" opined somebody else.

"'Mahm' is better," declared another.

"Why not 'Muggum'?" said one who inclined to be facetious.

And they grew quite heated about it.

"Why, of course, it's 'Mawm!'"

"Rats!—it's 'Mawum'!"

"No!—'Mahm!'"

"'Muggum'—by all means."

Until finally one who had done nothing so far but show signs of growing impatience and ennui suddenly brought his fist down on the table.

"Mum's' the word!" he shouted.

That ended the discussion.—Tit-Bits.

John Bull: "After all, there is something very taking about that young man."

## A Letter from Austria

**Further Correspondence from a Canadian Lady whose Husband is Resident Director of an American Company Mining a Rare Mineral in the Austrian Mountains.**

MILLSTATT, AUSTRIA, June 29. 1909.

HERE we are at last. We left Vienna at 7.30 a.m. on Thursday morning after spending a day there, and arrived at Spitale, the nearest railway station to Millstatt at about 5.30 p.m. The trip here was of the most beautiful I have ever taken. We had a glorious sunny day for it, so we saw everything to full advantage. The train twists and turns through the mountains in the most wonderful manner, with an engine at each end, and the effect of the beautifully green snow-capped mountains in the background is beautiful almost beyond description. We arrived in Spitale, which is about five miles from Millstatt, in pouring rain. However, we were fortunate in procuring the one closed carriage available and had two steamer trunks strapped on behind and arrangements made for the rest of our luggage to follow, and started the next morning for Millstatt and found a dear old woman at the hotel door to greet us with pleasant smiles—the best she could do, as she did not understand a word of English.

Our hotel is situated on the shore of Millstatt "Sea" and, although quaint, is very comfortable and exquisitely clean. We have two large rooms connecting overlooking the "sea," with a fine large balcony leading off one. It is shaded by the tree tops and has a beautiful view on every side and on coming into the rooms they have quite the effect of being on a boat, as from the large windows one sees nothing but blue "sea" and green snow-capped mountains on the opposite side, and the "sea" laps gently underneath our windows.

I scarcely know how to begin to describe this place as it is so entirely different from any place I have ever seen—so quaint and primitive. The "sea," meaning lake in English, is from five to six miles long and from two to three miles wide. It is situated in a perfect basin, with huge lofty mountains entirely surrounding it. The water is intensely blue, and the mountains intensely green, with some of them snow-capped in the back-ground. This is a summer resort and about the lake there are many handsome villas and hotels. A pretty little steamer plys round the lake all day, calling at villages and resorts, and there are numbers of sail and row boats out all the day. You can imagine how beautiful the drives about here are, but the carriages are the queerest imaginable. The village is at the back of our hotel, in which there are queer little winding streets, and a few very primitive shops and a very quaint church, surrounded by a still quainter churchyard. This is entirely a Roman Catholic country, and the churches are wonderfully large for the size of the places. The one in Millstatt was built in 1608. At intervals all through the country are the most dreadful looking shrines where the peasants stop to worship. All the inhabitants wear the peasant's dress and head-dress, and the men the mountain costume.

The women work like slaves in the fields, saw mills, on the roads,, etc., and it is very sad to see the women, even the young with their wrinkled and weather-beaten faces. They carry the most enormous loads on their heads, apparently with the greatest ease, some of them first place a small many-colored cushion on their heads for the weight to rest upon, but most do not. The women seem to bear the burdens and to do the heavy work, but it is the same all over Austria. Even in Vienna the women clean the streets, do gardener's work in the parks and draw heavily laden carts, often with a dog harnessed up beside them to help pull. On Sunday when D——

MILLSTATT.

and I were out for a walk, we met a man and woman on the road. The man had his cape, which all men carry, over his shoulder, and the woman walked beside, carrying a huge sack of something on her head.

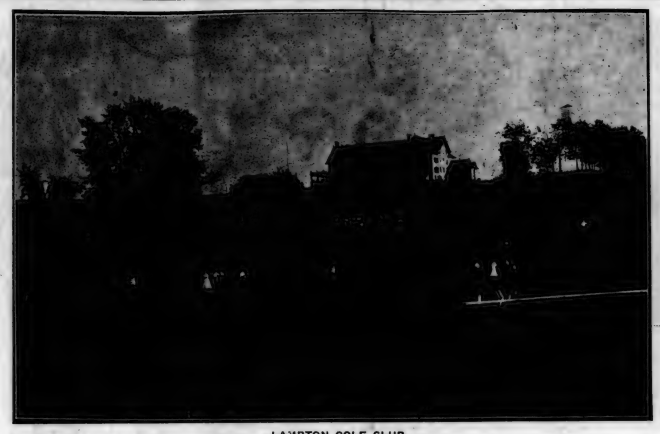
Through our village runs at a great rate, a stream of water clear as crystal from the mountains. This is where all the peasants come with huge tubs full of clothes, carried on their heads to rinse them. They seem to wash them with soap in their houses first. It looks very strange to see these lines of women with their bright colored petticoats and skirts tucked up washing in the village streets. When they have finished they pick up their tubs full of the wet clothes and putting them on their heads start off for their houses.

The people are very polite and never pass without bowing and speaking. Even the tiny children take off their hats and say, "Tou tag," meaning "guten tag"—"Good-day" in English. People from America are almost unknown here, and they look at us as if we were some strange beings, and ask all sorts of questions, running their words into one another so that with our imperfect knowledge of German, all we can say generally is, "Nicht berstchen," meaning "I do not understand," and sometimes we add as explanation so that they will not think that we are lunatics: "Ich bin ein Amerikaner und kaun ein venig Deutch verstehen," meaning "I am an American and only understand German slightly." We feel very clever to be able to say such a long sentence, but sometimes they do not understand what we say, and that is a crushing blow. However, although we cannot carry on a conversation very well, we can manage to make ourselves understood generally, and D—— understands what people say to us in the most wonderful way. If we have any important arrangements to make, such as engaging our carriage and "kutscher," as they call the driver, D—— has them write what he wants to know in German at his office at Radensthein, and then we go and present our paper like blind or deaf and dumb people. And so get on very well. It is extremely laughable sometimes when they try to make me understand about meals. They are most anxious to please, and come every day to tell me of all the extra dainties they can give us. If I do not understand they rush off and get the article. The other day the waiter, after fruitless efforts to make me understand that he had something we would appreciate, rushed off and returned waiving a fine fresh cauliflower. Another time he appeared with two live chickens. Again as I came out of the door into the garden, he began gesticulating wildly, and beckoning to me to follow him, brought me to a large tank filled with live speckled trout on one side and larger fish on the other. They cook every thing splendidly, and, needless to say, I order what the waiter shows me, and it appears on the table at night for dinner. We get huge dishes of wild strawberries served on grape leaves; they are very delicious and recall my childhood days in Canada, when we used to scrimmage scrimmage in the fields for them.

If I was somewhat at a loss to describe Millstatt, words almost fail me when I try to begin to tell you of Rodensthein, where the large magnesite works are being erected. It is nine miles from Millstatt and consequently so much further from a railway, a glorious drive along the lake and through the mountains. D—— leaves here every morning at 8 a.m. and returns for dinner at 7.30 p.m. I went to Rodensthein with him on Friday, and, of course, had to stay at the office all day as there is no way of going back. We have a queer little carriage like a low phaeton, with a driver's seat in front and a still funnier looking driver. The drive from Millstatt to Rodensthein is simply splendid and takes about an hour and a quarter. The country surrounding Rodensthein is beautiful almost beyond description, situated as it is in the heart of the mountains, but the little village is about a thousand years behind the times. There is the usual old church, an odd school-house, two or three awful looking places called, by courtesy, "Guesthouses," and other houses that really look just like stables.

This Magnesite mine with its aerial railway is the most wonderful thing that has ever happened in this part of the country, and is the talk of the people for miles around, as you may imagine it would be. Talk about American enterprise! I don't see how they ever had the courage to attempt such an undertaking, when you know that every brick, bag of cement, piece of steel or glass, in fact everything, to say nothing of the heavy machinery, has to be taken in carts for miles and miles. For example, the brick work used is brought to one end of the lake, taken from there to the other end in boats, and from thence in carts to the works, and beside all this they are building houses for the workmen up at the magnesite mine on top of one of the very highest mountains, and even the workmen only come down once a week. Think of sending material up there; I really do not see how they do it, as they have to use specially trained horses to go along the mountain paths, and it takes from three to four hours to get up there. They have had a dreadful time getting places for their offices and accommodation for their engineers and bookkeepers, etc. Now the works are springing up they hope soon to have an office building ready. At present the chief engineer has an office in a little house on the road not far from the works. We passed there on Friday and went on until we came to a tumbled-down old place with "Guesthaus" over the door and indeed the "hotel" of the place. This, D—— informed me, was where the office is, so we got out of the carriage and passed through an old stone-flogged hallway with rooms on either side, and up a very rickety stairway to the second floor, from there through a room that I stopped to examine—a great square place, with bare floors, four beds, one in each corner, an old grand piano, a brass band instrument lying on one of the beds, some old chairs and an old table. On the table was a little old hand sewing machine, at which a woman was working. This D—— told me is the room where commercial travellers sleep. Across the room was a door with "Austro-American Magnesite Co.'s office" on it. That looked familiar and this we made for and upon entering found a really human looking place—a room filled with desks, men busy, and oh, joy! a big Remington type writer clicking away; a truly busy place, with telegrams, cables, coming and going, also mail and every one hustling. As it rained most of the day this was where I was obliged to remain most of the time, but I found it quite amusing. The "rope haul" to the top of the mountain (ten miles long) is getting on wonderfully, and they expect to ship ten carloads of magnesite a day when they begin working. D——, of course, has much on his mind, as these works must be completed by October, or they will sustain an enormous loss, but I think he enjoys the work of management. The whole undertaking has cost double the estimate, partly owing to the enlargement of the original plans.

We have had a great deal of rain since we came, and it is still so cold that we have to wear our winter underclothing. it is scarcely possible to realize that the heat in New York has been so dreadful. There are some very nice looking people here at the hotels, but, of course, I cannot hold conversation with them, owing to my slight knowledge of German. There are many beautiful walks and drives, but the places are too lonely for me to go alone. But when Allan comes from Toronto in a few days we can then find a great deal to do, as we have our carriage and a nice little boat. We will also take trips to other places. I walk up the road almost every evening to meet D——, and wait for him, as it is too lonely to go far. One thing I regret is that we have none of the delightful twilight we had. M. B.



LAMBTON GOLF CLUB.
Its Annual Tournament opened on Friday and will run till the end of next week.

## Why They Arrest Us

THERE are a great many reasons why they arrest us, and Inspector Archibald puts in his spare time thinking up a few more. And when I say "us" I don't mean any class in particular, but the average citizens of Toronto, even including those whose criminal instincts sometimes lead them to smoke a cigar or read a paper on Sunday. That these average citizens—we'uns of Toronto—get arrested pretty frequently must be clear to anyone who reads his daily paper with anything like regularity. In fact, if one were to make a rapid calculation of the number of arrests, as divided by the population of the town, he would be apt to come to the conclusion that every citizen, including the clergy, had been arrested, or within an ace of it, about once a week regularly, since the time he was old enough to talk back to a policeman. I venture to say this with very little hesitation, because I know that in Toronto it is seldom a disgrace to be arrested. There are cities where being "pinched" is apt to draw upon the victim a certain amount of obloquy, and prejudice his character in the eyes of his neighbors. In such places, if a man is arrested, it is very apt to be because he has done something more or less shameful, such as bashing his neighbor's head in, or setting fire to his neighbor's barn, or stealing his neighbor's overcoat—including the odor of moth-balls at this season of the year. But, in Toronto, we have changed all that. For a man to be arrested here generally implies nothing more serious than that he sold a man ice-cream instead of a beef-steak on Sunday, that he painted his kitchen floor on the Sabbath, that he spoke to a cop without saying "sir," that he used a kodak on the Lord's Day, or anyone of a hundred similar offences.

On looking over the above brief list of good and sufficient causes for arrest, it will be noticed what an important part the Sabbath plays in the operations of the "calaboose." This is a peculiar characteristic of Toronto police activity which deserves careful consideration. In most cities that have passed the Podunk stage of development, a constable seldom regards himself as having any other mission than that of preventing real disorder. If by any chance he should get it into his noodle that he was an agent for the spiritual salvation of the people on his beat, he would probably be given a hurried opportunity of buttoning his collar in the back and conducting his activities along more purely evangelistic lines. But, in Toronto, every policeman is taught to regard himself as the possessor of a divine mission for the moral regeneration of the public. For this reason the Sabbath is a particularly delicate point with him. He prowls about all day Sunday seeking whom he may "pull in" for infractions of the Sunday laws. There are quite a lot of those laws—some of which are very wise and should always be rigorously enforced, but most of which are rather unnecessary and should be administered, if at all, in rather small doses. The "bobbies," however, are not accustomed to make subtle distinctions between law and law, so they settle the question by working them all over-time, as well as making use of any other laws that may occur to them on the spur of the moment. The result of this system, followed with industry and ruthless thoroughness, is such a number of arrests for desecrations of the Sabbath as would convince the uninitiated that this city was full of rampant and militant atheists.

Let it be said right here—to prevent misunderstanding—that Toronto has an excellent police force. Physically they are a splendid lot of fellows, most of whom give the impression of having seen military service. And as a matter of fact a very large proportion of them have been soldiers or sailors in some part or other of the British Empire. The beneficial effect of this on a police force cannot be over-estimated, standing as it does for physical efficiency, good discipline, and general fighting qualities. Morally, too, the Toronto police force deserves all praise. They are as a rule honest and earnest men, who have no other idea in their work than the full and scrupulous performance of their duties. And in fact, this is just where the only objection to them comes in: they have, if anything, rather too full and scrupulous an idea of their duties. They are too apt to regard themselves, not as public servants, but as an invading army in possession of a city of the enemy. They live in the midst of suspicions and alarms; and continually feel called upon to rush into the ranks of the foe and make a prisoner or two as an evidence of good faith and active existence.

Now this is the wrong idea. The best policeman is not the fellow who makes the most arrests, but the one who keeps best order in his district. A good policeman sees trouble coming and prevents it. He keeps things working smoothly, and does not make an arrest unless forced to. Where a warning is enough to effect his purpose, he goes no further. In a way he acts as a judge either to bind or to loose, and in this way with tact and judgment he is able to keep order without allowing the yoke of the law to become too heavy. This is the ideal policeman, according to the standpoint of most people. But the heads of the Police Department seem to have an entirely different notion on this subject; and the anxiety of the constables to arrest is so great, that one would be almost justified in thinking that the system of promotion was based on the number of arrests.

And who is to be regarded as responsible for this attitude on the part of the police? Inspector Archibald. This officer has had a very long and successful career in this department, having risen from the position of ordinary constable to that of Chief Inspector, which means that he shares with Chief Constable Stark the practical control of the police force. Moreover, on account of his position, he has been allowed to conduct the prosecution of a great number of minor cases. This is a necessity on account of the multitude of cases which come up for attention, and which are so numerous that the City Attorney, Mr. Corley, would never be able to conduct them all in person. This is shown very clearly by the figures given in the report of the Police Department for 1908. According to that statement, there were no less than 19,037 cases, of which Mr. Corley personally conducted, after the necessary study and examination, the large number of 3,772. Of course, these were all the more important actions; but there was left a multitude of minor offences which were entrusted to Inspector Archibald to look after. That he did so with enthusiasm will never be doubted by anyone who has seen him at work in the Police Court. And this is precisely where the Inspector's influence is an unfortunate one. His anxiety for convictions, his exaggerated notion of the seriousness of certain petty forms of misdemeanor, such as violations of the Sunday observance laws, his proneness to give the harshest possible meaning to the law, and even to overstep it in his eagerness; all these things have affected the men who work under his direction, until they, too, have come to be animated by something of the same spirit. A striking evidence of this is the number of boys who are brought up for giving impudence to the police. A group of youngsters will be playing in the street, and along will come a constable who proceeds to warn them for some threatened or imagined infraction of the law. The result often is that the boys call the "cop" names, and make a run for it. He follows and catches one of them, who is made to tell the names of his companions. Then they are all arrested. This sort of thing has happened again and again, till the number of children's cases to appear before the court is altogether out of proportion. And it is only one of many instances which might be quoted to show the readiness of the average policeman to feel that the majesty of the law has been insulted in his person.

The whole trouble is that Inspector Archibald has a wrong view of the duties of his position. He seems to think that martial law holds sway in this city, and that he has been appointed in the wisdom of Providence to dragoon the inhabitants into order. The natural and inevitable result is that he is the kind of official who breeds trouble, instead of making things go more smoothly. For this mistaken idea of his, his early training is perhaps largely responsible. His first police service was with the Irish Constabulary. These are, no doubt, a fine body of men, but they face conditions and they use methods widely different from those that are proper to Canada. Especially was this true of the time when Inspector Archibald was a member of their organization. In those days the Irish Constabulary regarded themselves as a military force in the land of the enemy, and they acted accordingly. Nor did their policy of rigorous repression produce the happiest results.

Imbued with notions of police work gained in this service, Inspector Archibald came to Canada, and in 1865 joined the Toronto police force. This is a long period of active duty; and it suggests what is probably the correct explanation of the mistakes of the Inspector's administration—that he is getting too old. Forty-four years is a length of service which might well exhaust a man's energy, make him fretful and irritable, harden his prejudices, and confuse his judgment. The Inspector is sixty-eight years old, according to the report of the Police Department, and at that age there are few men fit to acceptably fill such a position as his, where the demands on energy and patience are so great, and where such tact and liberality of view are required. That Inspector Archibald himself is not such a man, is really no fault of his. His earnestness and honesty are beyond all question. It is equally beyond doubt that he has done a great deal of good work in his long period of service. But there comes a time when a man had best retire, and Inspector Archibald has reached that point. He can no longer fill his position to the best interests of law and order in Toronto, and every day the public prints are filled with evidences of this fact. There is, therefore, only one thing for him to do, and that is to retire on a pension, and leave the position open for a younger and more adaptable man. C.Q.D.

Prince Von Bulow after visiting the Kaiser on the "Hohenzollern," where his resignation was probably decided on.

## A Scientific Defense

**An Incident of the Early Days of Gold-Mining, in the Klondyke.**

ONE of the most interesting trials that ever took place in any country was that of James Stevens in the California courts, for theft. The circumstances were as as follows:

There were four prospectors in the Klondike region, when the gold fever there was at its height, among whom Stevens was one. They "struck it rich," divided up, and started out for the United States. Just before leaving, Stevens got into a faro game and lost everything he had. Winter was coming on, and he bid fair to starve unless something was done for him. So the other three decided to pay him so much to guard their dust on the ship and pay his way home to San Francisco. They each had their share of dust and nuggets accurately weighed, and then put them into a common pile, pending, of course, their reapportionment on reaching port.

This they placed in a strong box, which they nailed up and sealed carefully. It was Steven's duty to watch this by day and sleep by it by night until the destination was reached. There was exactly six hundred pounds avoirdupois of the gold, sworn to by a regular weigher. It was worth a great deal of money.

Well, everything went along smoothly until San Francisco was reached, Stevens seeming to appreciate what his former partners were doing for him, and guarding his trust jealously. When the ship came into port the box was immediately removed, under the supervision of Stevens, to a place for reweighing, so that each could take his share again and deduct so much for Steven's pay.

It was found that instead of having six hundred pounds of gold as before, there was now only a fraction over five hundred and ninety-eight pounds. The partners were loath to distrust Stevens, and so had it reweighed twice; but with the same result each time.

Reassured as they were of his guilt, and having contempt for such gratitude, they immediately swore out a warrant for his arrest. He, all the time protested his innocence; but was not able to account for the loss.

The poor fellow was thrown into prison and held for trial. Not having any money or friends, he gave up all hope of being acquitted, as the circumstantial evidence seemed absolutely against him. A young lawyer was appointed by the court to defend him. This young man, Thaddeus Wayne, by name, set to work on the seemingly hopeless job with great enthusiasm, as he had few clients, anyhow, and plenty of time.

The case was soon called and all the circumstantial evidence set forth. Wayne did not even question a witness.

When all the testimony was in, Wayne requested the judge to allow him to qualify Samuel L. Johnson, teacher of physics in a high school, as an expert witness. The judge, not seeing any relation of physics to the theft, was about to refuse the young man, when a peculiar glimmer in the latter's eye persuaded him to humor the boy. Johnson was placed on the stand, and the following colloquy ensued:

"With what does physics deal?"

"With natural phenomena, or the changes in the state or condition of matter."

"Does the weight of a person change as he changes his location on the earth?"

"Yes."

"Just how does that happen and how much does the weight change?"

"The weight of any body is greatest at the poles of the earth, as they are the nearest points to the centre. It gets less and less the farther we travel toward the equator; for we go away from the centre. This effect is enhanced by the rotation of the earth, bodies tending to fly off more at the equator than near the poles. The combination of these two makes a body weigh one two-hundred-and-eighty-ninth less at the equator than at the poles, and a proportionate amount for distances between."

"About what fraction of its weight would a body lose in going from Cape Nome, Alaska, to San Francisco?"

"I should say about one in three hundred."

"Then gold weighing six hundred pounds in Nome could not possibly weight over five hundred and ninety-eight pounds here, could it?"

"It could not."

It is needless to say that Stevens was acquitted by this evidence. His former partners were so sorry of their recent suspicion, and so eager to make amends, that they not only paid him the salary they had promised, but set him up in business from their ample funds.

This fact is peculiar but perfectly in accord with reason. It is recognized by the United States Government. Every time bullion is sent from Wahsington to the New Orleans mint, a certain amount of weight is lost in the mere act of transit. So, in order to get the same amount of metal in each coin, compensating weights or those specially calibrated have to be used, or else special scales. If the weights are made at Washington and sent to New Orleans, of course they will lose in weight also, and will weigh true on a pair of balances. But spring balances can not be used.—Lawrence Hodges, in St. Louis Sunday Magazine.

THE CANADIAN TEAM AT BISLEY.

Top row—Sergt. McInnes, Edmonton; Sergt. T. Mitchell, Hamilton; Sergt. J. Freeborn, Hamilton; Sergt.-Major Huggins, Hamilton; Sergt. F. A. Steck, Truro, N.S.; Sergt. G. W. Russell, Ottawa; Coporal G. Copping, Montreal; Lieut. F. H. Morris, Bowmanville; Staff-Sergt. H. Kerr, Toronto. Middle row—Lieut. Neil Smith, Chatham, Ont.; Major J. M. Jones, Pownal, P.E.I.; Major M. S. Mercer, Adjutant, Toronto; Lieut.-Col. A. Bertram, Commandant, Dundas, Ont.; Capt. W. H. Forrest, Vancouver; Capt. J. McVittie, Toronto; Sergt.-Major F. Richardson, Victoria, B.C.; Bottom row—Sergt W. A. Smith, Ottawa; Sergt.-Major G. Crighton, Toronto; Sergt. W. D. Sprinks, Toronto; Sergt. John Des Lauriers, Steward; Pte. H. D. Gougeon, Winnipeg; Sergt. W. Kelly, Toronto; Sergt. H. M. Marsden, Winnipeg. In the rear are Sergt. Blackburn, Winnipeg, and Lieut. Mortimer, Ottawa, unattached Canadians who competed in the matches of the National Rifle Association.

## Trinity.

WE took no thought, dear Love, we took no thought!
We only knew our summer-time was come—
The birds were nesting, orchards were abloom,
And joy burned in us like a holy flame.
And now behold our little miracle!
Our shining star, come to us wondrously
From out the farther dark! Our mystery,
Too soft and sweet to be called anything—
Or miracle or mystery—but just
Our babe!
Our own—yet not our own!

A gift, uncomprehendingly to prize!
His laughter, bright as sunshine on a wave.
Sets our whole world ashimmer, and his dreams,
Darkening his liquid eyes, are drawn, I think,
From those deep cisterns of our secret prayers,
Which we have strangely hidden, each from each.
And yet, at times, his pretty whimsy-thoughts
Shuts oft the door on us and close us out!
We clasp him close and probe his lips for sweets—
Great, greedy bees upon a tender flower—
Yet cannot reach the little sacred self
That, like a god, is shrined in his bright shell.

Ah, Love, ah, Love, let us not call him ours!
Let us confess he cannot wonder more
At the amazing world than we at him.
—How can we voice our awe-ingratitude—
Our poignant heart of sorrow-in-delight?
Silence, indeed, is best! Look deep, dear one,
In his sweet eyes and learn there what you may—
That love is service; yes, and mystery;
And in this lovely, wordless babe we hold
Is hidden safe the secret of the world.

—Elia W. Peattie, in Harper's Bazar.

Spinster—"Aren't you weary of waiting for him to come?" Matron—"And aren't you weary of having no one to wait for?"—Illustrated Bits.

Patience—Do you know the name of that piece? Patrice—Do you mean the one the woman was singing or the one the pianist was playing?—Yonkers Statesman.

Young Lady—"This novel is heavenly. I never read one with so many romantic unfortunates and miserable failures in it."—Fliegende Blaetter.

## Beards and Battles.

MORE than once a difference in the fashion of wearing the hair has denoted a division of factions (writes a contributor to Pearson's Weekly). We have well-known examples of the roundheads and the cavaliers. To the former, long, curly hair was an abomination, they hated the flowing locks of the gay cavaliers, and they regarded such tresses as a symbol of ungodliness.

On the other hand, the cavaliers regarded the closely-cropped hair of the stern-visaged roundheads as a symbol of narrow-mindedness, bigotry, and cant.

At the time of the conquest the English wore their hair long both upon the head and the upper lip, while the chin was kept bare. The Normans, on the contrary, wore their hair very short, so that Harold's spies reported to the King: "The host did almost seem to be priests, because they had all their face and both lips shaven."

After the invasion the difference in appearance of the victors and the vanquished was accentuated by the tyranny which compelled the Saxons to grow all their hair. In later days, the Saxons, so far as regarding it as a sign of severity, took good care to let their hair grow on purpose, effectually to distinguish themselves from the Normans.

The fashion of wearing long hair spread, and caused almost endless bother between the people and the clergy, who based their objection upon St. Paul's declaration "that long hair was a shame unto a man."

The Pope decreed that long-haired people should be excommunicated when living and should not be prayed for when dead. From nearly every pulpit the evil of long hair was published, and the wearers were cursed. All this was in vain, fashion laughed at it, and king and subject wore ringlets in defiance of the shorn priests.

This war between the long-haired and the cropped soon had serious consequences. There were all kinds of tumult, some of which had far-reaching results; but it was in France where the question of the length of the hair altered history.

Louis VII., unlike the disobedient English, obeyed the injunctions of the church and cut off all his flowing curls, until he resembled a monk instead of a king.

This caused the greatest consternation at the court, and the lively Eleanor of Guienne did nothing but make fun of her lord to the court's gallants. In fact, she lost all affection for the shorn sovereign, whom she looked upon with contempt.

Then came all manner of differences, terminating in divorce and the loss of Guienne and Poitou to the French sovereigns. The fickle Eleanor married the long-haired Henry, who afterward reigned as Henry II. of England, and she bestowed upon him those rich provinces of France. Had Louis VII. not cut off his hair, the history of the world would have been quite different.

Peter the Great was a monarch who decided that the Russians should be shaven, under penalty of a heavy tax for such as preferred to grow beards. The receipt which was given for this tax consisted of a copper token bearing a hairy face on the one side and the date on the other. No man wearing a beard could enter a town unless he produced one of these "borodovaia," which had to be renewed each year.

Tewfik Pasha, who has been appointed Turkish ambassador to Great Britain, is one of the few statesmen of the old system to survive the change brought about by the Young Turks, who, recognizing his broad and enlightened outlook, retained him as foreign minister when the new constitution came into being last year. He is a man of wide and varied experience, sixty-five years of age, and has figured in Turkish politics for forty years. He was born in Constantinople, and began his career as an officer in the Turkish army at the age of sixteen. Leaving the army in 1870, after eleven years' service, he entered the translation department of the Porte, where he gained a good insight into the inner and darker ways of old Turkish rule, for he had to do with censorship, with spies, and other important matters. Afterwards he served as secretary to the Turkish embassies in various capitals, thus gaining wide diplomatic experience. On the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish war he was appointed political commissioner of the commander-in-chief. When peace was made he went to Athens—first as secretary of the Turkish embassy, and afterwards as ambassador. He was subsequently ambassador in Berlin, whence he was recalled to Constantinople in 1905 to be minister of foreign affairs. He was retained in his post after the bloodless revolution of last year, but when the Grand Vizier Kiamil Pasha was dismissed he resigned his portfolio as a protest. He again figured prominently after the recent mutiny, when the late Sultan appointed him as grand vizier. He held the position but a few days, giving way when the Young Turk army assembled their forces and invested the capital.

Once during the Iron Duke's campaign in the Pyrenees, it happened that General Picton's dispositions for receiving the assault of Marshal Soult displeased him. The danger threatened from in front, and the difficulty lay in delaying the attack until Wellington could effect the change he wished. He was, as usual, equal to the occasion. Waving his hat in the air, he galloped to the front of a regiment as if he meant to order a charge. The whole of Picton's line cheered tremendously, and as the roar died away, Wellington was heard to remark, half to himself: "Soult is a cautious commander, and will not attack in force without ascertaining the meaning of these cheers. That will leave time for the sixth division to come up, and we shall beat him." This was exactly what happened, and Soult sustained a bloody repulse where he might have won an easy victory.

According to the story, widely believed throughout Islam, a dog approached Allah while the latter was engaged in the construction of Eve, and, seizing the rib which the Almighty had just taken from Adam's side, ran off with it. Allah, it is said, followed in hot pursuit and managed to grasp the tail, which the dog had neglected to tuck away. The tail remained in Allah's hands, the dog escaping with the rib. Allah thereupon, *faute de mieux*, utilized the dog's tail instead of Adam's rib for the construction of the mother of mankind, and it is owing to this, according to the Arabs, that woman is just as incapable of remaining quiet and motionless for two minutes together as is the tail of a dog.—Argonaut.

A.—"The height of folly, is not to listen when some one says something nice about you." B.—"Nonsense, the height of folly is not to listen when some one says something nasty about some one else."—Gaulois.

"So you don't care for bathing?" "Too much of a crush, don't you know." "Well, it would be nice if we could have individual oceans."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"A pessimist," said the Philosopher of Folly, "is one who, when he has the choice of two evils, chooses both and sticks around to wait for more."—Cleveland Leader.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# SPORTING COMMENT

CAUGHT BETWEEN BASES

THE tennis tournament on the courts of the Rusholme Tennis Club proved to be one of the most interesting features of the week in the realm of sport. It was also one of the most successful of similar competitions. The quality of tennis played was excellent, and the interest shown in the progress of the games was unusually keen. Altogether the officers of the Rusholme Club and all those who had to do with the organizing of the tournament deserve much credit for the manner in which it was carried out. So far as the leading players are concerned, there is no need now of discussing the merits of such well known performers as Baird and Paterson, whose work is quite familiar to Toronto tennis enthusiasts. Among the women players, however, there was a surprise for the followers of the game, and that was the magnificent showing of Mrs. Hannam, who won the city championship from Miss Moyes. Mrs. Hannam, who is a newcomer to Toronto, brought with her a reputation for excellent tennis, won on the best courts in England. And she more than upheld it here, winning every match in which she entered in the most decisive manner. In fact her work was so good and so consistent that local tennis-players even have hopes of seeing her beat Miss Sutton at the international tournament at Niagara.

* * *

NEWSPAPERMEN can play ball as well as publish the news about it; and anyone who doubts this modest statement might have had all misgivings removed by attending a few games of the Newspaper Baseball League. But the games of that league are now over, and the coveted trophy has been won and lost. So far as the winning is concerned, I am happy to be able to say, with all modesty, that it was done by the team of SATURDAY NIGHT. That sterling aggregation of ball-players won eight out of the nine games played, and thus made good their claim to the silver-plate. The other teams in the league were those representing The Star, The News, and the MacLean Publishing Company. The SATURDAY NIGHT team was composed of Messrs. Thomas Glynn (captain), J. W. Wilson, C. H. Ashley, Robert Grey, Thomas Whitcomb, Joseph Gottloeb, Douglas Osterhout, W. Mino, C. Mason, C. Stevens, and S. Staughton. The cup was donated by Mr. William Dunseath.

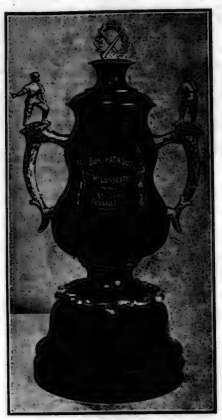
* * *

THE possibility for mechanical contrivances in sport has been strikingly demonstrated of late by the success of a bowling machine invented by Dr. Venn, F.R.S. This machine is not a mere experiment, but has been tried and approved of by such experts as the Australian cricket team which recently beat All England in the international matches. The machine will bowl any length, pace, direction and break required. In this way it is hoped that it will be especially useful in teaching public schools to play cricket scientifically without the aid of a professional. A picture of the machine is given in the accompanying cut. It will be noticed that it is quite simple in construction, which is another strong argument in its favor. Of course, it goes without saying that the machine is intended merely for practice purposes and the development of batsmen.

* * *

THE deadliness of the fourth mile in intercollegiate rowing races has been talked of before this, says the New York Sun. Not so long ago the death of the stroke of the Yale varsity crew of 1908 was used to point out how necessarily fatal was the four mile struggle of the college crews. It was remarked then, as it had been previously, that the colleges rowed the four mile distance only because the Oxford-Cambridge race was over a similar distance—although actually the English collegians row further—and that really there was no reason why Americans should imitate to the point of fatality.

Men who have rowed four mile races, and many of them in college crews, are not in agreement with this matter of the deadliness of the fourth mile. There have been made up statistics of the physical condition of Yale and Harvard oarsmen for several years and even for long periods after leaving college, which tend to show that any man who was physically as fit to undergo training as the average athlete is did not deteriorate after leaving college if he kept up athletic or gymnastic work of a mild sort and did not quit of a sudden after being in training for a long time.



THE NEWSPAPER BASEBALL CUP.
Won by "Saturday Night."

The thing that hurts some college oarsmen, as indeed it would hurt any college athlete, is not so much the contest into which he enters as injudicious training methods in preparing for that contest. For instance, last year when the thermometer on June 20 stood at 88 in the shade, the worst heat that the oarsmen felt at Poughkeepsie in 1908, one crew coach sent his men out both morning and afternoon for four mile trials. This is killing, and the result with his men was that they were nowhere near the front in the race.

One of the Hudson coaches has had remarkable success with building up his men. To take examples, there were two men in his varsity eight this year who in 1907 when they entered college weighed about 145 pounds each. These men were tall, and, therefore, decidedly thin when they began rowing. Both men, as they sat in the boat on race day this year, weighed slightly over 172 pounds. This is a gain that might have come about in natural order, but it seems fair to believe that the twenty-seven pounds of muscle that these athletes acquired may be ascribed to careful training they got from the rowing coach.

There are examples enough of the good that rowing does the men who take part in races after they have had proper training for the competition. The cases of men who have broken down and collapsed after quitting the game also can be found. They do not compare in numbers with the other instances. This is, of course, no argument, because if the game is so dangerous that any men stand chances of permanent harm or even death, it is too dangerous to be called sport.

THE BOWLING MACHINE FOR CRICKET PRACTICE.

If the cases of the men who suffered harm are traced back, with complete knowledge of all the circumstances, it is contended by rowing men that they will be found not to be due to the training the men got as oarsmen, that is if the training was of the proper sort.

A man who rowed in one of the fast races on the Hudson not long ago was describing his sensations. "The first mile is tough. You feel it badly in the second mile. In the third you die. The fourth is the hereafter," was the way he put it; and he was no quitter, but a strong and capable oarsman. Any opponent of the four mile rowing race is likely to say at once: "Well, doesn't that prove it? Isn't it a sure thing that the fourth mile is the dangerous part of the race?"

That may all very well be, but listen to this: "I don't feel the first quarter, and the second one doesn't get me very much. The third is a killer, and it generally is all I can do to struggle home in the final quarter." The language is very like, indeed. It is simply that of a man who in his day was a topnotcher in track athletics describing his feelings in running a mile. And mind you he could run good miles, too!

Furthermore, it is some fourteen years since he last did any serious running and his physical condition to-day is as good as the next. The insurance companies haven't turned him down yet, although he has had examinations only recently.

No one has seen fit apparently to raise an outcry against the deadly mile run. Almost any man who ever has tried his way through the track programme in an endeavor to find out what was his true distance will tell you what he thinks is the hardest of them all, but that won't be as good evidence as that of the man who is at his best at a certain distance and who declares it the worst of all. It is a safe thing that almost any first rate miler will tell you the mile run is the killer, if ever there was one.

Popular feeling always has been that the quarter mile is the toughest race on the programme, but quarter milers do not insist that it is a race which punishes as much as does a half mile. The half miler will admit that the mile is a race that takes the best a man has, but a miler is certain that no other competition calls for the very last bit of energy, as does the mile.

Once upon a time mile runs used to be entered upon as if they were real long distance events. The scheme was to loaf the first three-quarters and to come along the last quarter as fast as possible. It was something like the bicycle races, which although carded as one mile and five mile contests, are races for the final sprint only. When the first man tried the plan of running a good stiff even pace throughout the whole of a mile run he inaugurated a new era in distance racing and made it impossible for a 4.50 performer to be a star at the mile.

He also took the mile run out of the class of a distance race and made it a continued sprint. The quarter mile is a dash and the half mile is a long sprint, but the mile is the longest sprint of all. The way it is necessary to run nowadays in order to make good is to go from the gun and to take chances on finishing. "I run the first 220 as fast as I can and trust to Providence for the second," was the way Maxey Long once described running a quarter mile. That is the way the mile run is contested now, only it is four times as long.

When Wilton Paull ran his mile in the intercollegiate games this year in 4 minutes 17 4-5 seconds after running the first half mile in slightly worse than 2 minutes 3 seconds it was hailed as a grand performance, which decidedly it was. But no agitator apparently thought it worth while to say it was deadly. Paull ran so easily and apparently so well within himself that persons hardly could say he was tired when he finished.

And that apparently is the whole secret. He was a well trained man, knowing his own capabilities and able to use them to the very last bit. If he had staggered down the final stretch, wabbling from side to side, and had fallen in a heap on the line those who saw the finish would have thought his performance so much the greater. That is, those folks who don't know athletics would have.

The outward sign of tremendous effort would have convinced some that Paull was pushing himself tremendously. It is doubtful if ever any man ran as fast a race as did Paull at Cambridge, setting every step of the pace himself, without feeling it. Paull certainly felt it, but he was a trained man with a peculiarly easy style and he steeled himself not to show it.

PLAYFAIR.

"Tell me," said the lovelorn youth, "what's the best way to find out what a woman thinks of you?" "Marry her," replied Peckham promptly.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Ikey.—"Vat is a promoter?" Father of Ike—"A promoter is von who vill supply der ocean if some von else vill furnish der ships."—Princeton Tiger.

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## Tales of Holiday Places

### "Wooed Before a Witness."

By LADY GAY

VERY early on Sunday morning Narcisse Delphine carefully shaved himself, brushed his black curls into a killing thatch over his fine forehead, and having introduced his stalwart body into a brand new suit of grey, and tied his brilliant red necktie in a very becoming bow, put the finishing touch to his toilette by a carefully selected roesbud, which he pinned in his coat lapel with a pleasant smile at his attractive self in the little mirror. For what or for whom Narcisse Delphine thus carefully made himself lovely was a problem his old mother shook her head over, as she watched him stroll down the street to the church, and reminded by the tinkling bell that she had but a scant quart d'heure in which to reach her seat before mass began, she gave up thinking about Narcisse and scuttled off to her prayers.

During mass, the bold, black eyes of Rosalie, the laundress, of Marie Laliberte, the daughter of the rich merchant, the merry glance of the hotelkeeper's sister, a mademoiselle from Montreal who had appeared on the stage, and tributes of smiles and glances from divers less attractive creatures bore testimony to the fact that Narcisse Delphine was a beau whose value was far above par. Disappointment was only too evident in many quarters when, at the close of the service, Mere Delphine and her son turned aside from the stream of worshippers and joined the family group of Augustin, father, mother, son and daughters three, apparently intending to dine with them. The family of Augustin was comely but poor, and the nose of Mademoiselle Laliberte elevated itself as she saw the big young Frenchman on whom she had smiled range himself alongside of the young Augustins.

"Ah-ha," laughed Archange Augustin, as the merchant's daughter rustled past, and she nudged Narcisse with a forceful nudge.

"Depeche-toi, petit Narcisse, she expects you."

Narcisse smiled indulgently. "She remains always the same in wickedness, this Archange," he said to another daughter of Augustin, Cecile by name, and Cecile considering the question with a certain twinkling gravity assented. "Perhaps even she advances a little," said she gently, while Archange, pretending to feel hurt, appealed to the third sister, a mischief like herself, and was condoled with for the full space of two minutes in a pretense of gravity and sympathy most delightful, for they were all pure French chatterboxes of divers charms, arch, serious, contemplative, speculative, daring, demure, by turns.

When, after their mid-day dinner at the hotel where the Augustin family resided, they perched themselves on the upper balcony outside my shuttered windows, I awakened to their fascinating chatter with that enjoyment one learns to feel in the life that is gay and care-free. Narcisse Delphine stood between demure Cecile and the mischievous twins, who affected to be greatly concerned about his future, Archange having the monologue when I caught the drift of their badinage.

"Oh! it is too evident that some one must concern them with your affairs, my poor Narcisse. It is necessary lest you become a bachelor, old and cranky like our uncle Phillippe. You are now twenty-two, my friend, with a fine appearance, is it not so, *ma soeur?* Yes, we agree that you are a handsome youth. Your mother wishes for a *belle-fille*. She is even now downstairs telling *maman* that such is the case. Now, let us consider. There is Eugenie Laliberte; you could do no better, in money, but her temper, *ma foi*, it is uncertain. Think about Eugenie, good Narcisse."

"I cannot," laughs Narcisse, lighting a cigarette. "It takes away my appetite to think." Cecile lifted her wonderful soft eyes and smiled.

"Yes," rattled on Archange, with a trill of answering mirth, "love is hard on the appetite, I'm told. But perhaps you'd prefer Rosalie; her eyes are eloquent; I am sure her language is *"Oui"*; every sign points to success. It would delight us to be bridesmaids to you and Rosalie. Not so grand a match, but more likely to be joyous. Or even Mademoiselle, downstairs, Narcisse! Whisper! She has told us (*ma soeur* and I) that she considers you the handsomest of the young men in St. Hyacinthe. We consider your chances good. And in that case, there will be a dance here. Think how happy that would make us!" and the witch pirouetted with her twin on the balcony.

"Hold, Archange and Mimi. It is not proper to dance on the balcony," murmured the demure Cecile, glancing nervously about her. But Archange and Mimi were not yet finished with Narcisse Delphine.

"You must understand, Narcisse," said the latter seriously, pausing in her dance, as if struck by a sudden thought, "that only because of very old friendship it is that we give ourselves this concern. I, Cecile and Archange are friends of all your lifetime. We are to us like a dear brother. We occupy ourselves with your future as we shall with the future of our young brother Henri, when he is at your age. Surely it is not necessary to mention it. We all think of you as a big brother, who makes us proud, but whom we are anxious to see happily married."

Narcisse Delphine moved uneasily, restively shrugging his big shoulders in the new grey coat. Archange took up the torture.

"We said to each other, when we saw you at church to-day in your new clothes, your new Panama hat, with the *chic* tilt at the left side, *voila!* he is surely to do something to-day! And, Narcisse, it begins to seem that you are sometimes a trifle leisurely, so that your friends grow impatient and say: 'Why does he wait, the big Narcisse? Why not move to his aim?' 'He is perhaps of the sort who take so much time that the more rapid young men gather the fine fruit, and when Narcisse arrives, behold, bare branches!'"

Mimi spread her ten fingers in the air. "True!" she laughed. "He should take pattern by Ovide Thibadeau, who is come to our papa for the hand of one of us. Ovide has but just come of age, but yesterday *Maman* Thibadeau has given him his father's watch and chain. And early in the evening Ovide came to papa and asked for the hand of ——, *la la!* don't blush, Cecile; I ask your pardon; I should have reflected that you will prefer to tell Narcisse of the matter yourself. Let us do down, Archange, and enquire about the band concert to-night. It will be gay on the park if the band plays." And with their arms about each other the twins danced into the hall, leaving Narcisse Delphine and Cecile Augustin alone on the balcony.

The silence which ensued was so long, and the view of Cecile so charming, that I stood behind the half-shut Venetians and hesitated to disturb them. Somehow, the downcast eyes and quietly folded hands of the Madonna-faced girl seemed to veil a tumult of emotion, which was matched by the sombre but ardent glances Narcisse Delphine shot at her from under his frowning brows. Clearly he had not been pleased at the tidings of Ovide Thibadeau's energetic measures.

At last he tossed his head and cleared his throat and spoke. "It is true about Ovide?" he asked in carefully modulated tones.

Marie raised her lovely eyes and looked out upon the park, watching a group of young people clustering about a carriage welcoming some country friends. Deliberately she leaned froward and noted their enthusiastic chatter and embraces. Then she sighed. "It is true that Ovide was here yesterday."

Narcisse watched her, and drew a long breath. "He is a fine fellow, Ovide!" he said slowly. "And you are promised, Cecile?"

The girl shrank back into the big chair, which seemed to engulf her; then she lifted her eyes to the strained face of Narcisse Delphine. Such eyes! big with reproach, and almost drowned in unshed tears!

Narcisse Delphine dropped on one knee before her, and laid his big brown hands on hers. "Cecile!" he whispered. "Say it is not true."

Then did Cecile betray the fact that she was indeed of kin to the torturers. She sat very still and in a little thin voice she breathed: "It is true, indeed, Narcisse, what Archange and Mimi say—that you are a little slow to move!"

He started up as if she had stung him. "Adieu, Cecile!" he gasped. "A man moves as is his nature. I wish you happiness." And with three steps he was gone. Not so far, however, that her voice did not reach him, for Cecile apparently knew her man.

"Narcisse," she called, just once, and he halted just outside my door. Then I heard his hurried exit from the hall to the balcony, and shut the Venetians quite close.

---

"Has old Gotrox ever separated himself from anything worth having?" "Yes, from his appetite."—Life.

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## Sporting Notes.

CONSIDERABLE interest has been aroused amongst English race-goers during the past few days by the announcement that the Jockey Club regards with favor the introduction of the totalizer, or pari-mutuel system of betting, which is so popular on the other side of the Channel and in the Colonies. At the same time the report has caused considerable perturbation amongst bookmakers, who, for reasons which will be understood later, are "up in arms" against the introduction of the system on the English racecourse.

It is over forty years ago since the pari-mutuel system started in France, and it has worked very well so far. Furthermore, it enables a calculation to be made of the amount of money staked on racehorses during the season. The total is amazing. An average of $50,000,000 goes through the pari-mutuels every year, and it may be mentioned that in the last seventeen years over $20,000,000 has been obtained through the pari-mutuels for charitable and useful public purposes; for the authorities draw a certain percentage for the administration of the mutuels and for the poor.

Practically speaking, betting by the pari-mutuel system means the pooling of the bets laid, and an equal division after the race to the backers of the winner, less 10 per cent., which goes to the proprietor of the machine.

The pari-mutuel itself consists of a large frame, with a number of purse-like receptacles on it, each receptacle being devoted to a separate horse.

The intending backer places his stake in the purse appropriated to the horse of his fancy, and when the race has been won the backers of the winner divide among themselves all the money staked upon the different horses, less the 10 per cent. mentioned.

Suppose, for instance, that four horses are engaged in a race, and that the stake is $5. Ten persons may back A, the favorite, five may fancy B, while C and D may only have one supporter each. The machine will thus contain seventeen contributions, amounting to $85 in all. Should A win, the ten backers have $85 to divide between them; so each would get $3.50 in addition to his original stake of $5; in other words, they would be laying out 6 to 4 on the winner. If on the other hand, C or D won, the solitary backer would take the whole of the $85, equivalent to having taken 16 to 1. Of course this is subject to the 10 per cent. deduction mentioned.

Many of these totalizers are run by companies, and very good profit is made from the 10 per cent. retained for working expenses. At the same time there are many individual pari-mutuel agents who, although they do not make quite so much money at times as the English bookmaker, are always sure of a steady income. The general opinion here seems to be that before long the pari-mutuel will become as popular on the English racecourse as it is on the French and colonial, particularly when the race-goers learn that they can obtain far better odds than the bookmaker generally offers.

* * *

OF all sports the most exciting, the most wildly exhilarating, says a writer in Bally's Magazine, is surely pig-sticking. While waiting for the beaters to come up when driving for deer or bison or tiger the pulses gallop, time flies and excitement quivers in every nerve and muscle, but it is nothing to the tension attendant on the wait at the edge of the jungle for the break of the old gray boar as he comes out, usually in a reluctant, surly manner, and proceeds to cross the open toward the next bit of cover.

Then the gathering up of your reins and the fresh grasp of your spear as you look with straining eyes —now in the direction of the captain of the hunt for the signal to go, now to the animal itself, inwardly praying that he may not turn back into cover. And then when the word "Ride!" is given—the mad rush, the utter inability to see anything to stop you, the overpowering anxiety to beat every one, be it your greatest friend or greatest enemy, and get first spear.

Your heart is in your head. There is nothing in the world to you but yon lanky gray monster striding away in front and your frantic desire to run him through. Hours are lived in moments. Your horse and you are one animal, with but one unfulfilled wish in the world, a wish you are both doing your very utmost to gratify.

In no other sport perhaps is there so much real danger, yet, strange to say, accidents are really very few. I have ridden in cold blood—very carefully—over ground that I and my comrades have ridden over helter skelter after pig previously, and to say that I have been astonished is but to describe my feelings in the very feeblest way. How the horses kept their footing it is impossible to say. All I know is that they did.

* * *

QUITE a fuss was kicked up recently over the fact that D. J. Ahearn cleared 50 feet 1 inch with a running two hops and a jump. This was claimed to have beaten the world's record of 50 feet ¼ inch made by Dan Shanahan in Ireland as far back as 1888, but an investigation as to the conditions of Ahearn's feat showed that while his mark is new, it did not beat Shanahan's. Ahearn took off from a board, while Shanahan took off the grass, and from behind a slat laid flat on the ground. To the untutored in athletic exercises there may be no difference in a board and grass take off, but the advantage of the board has long since been established. One glaring instance there is on the record tables, and that is the running broad jump. Peter O'Connor holds the board take off record, the distance being 24 feet 11¾ inches, while on the same ground using a grass take off he cleared 23 feet 10½ inches, so that the advantage should be even greater on the two hops and jump. Nobody wants to detract the least from Ahearn's performance, but until he conforms to the old conditions, he cannot wipe Shanahan's mark off the books.

* * *

It seems to folks who know rowing that nowadays when crews go out from the start to make the pace fast the parallel between the development of mile running and of four mile racing has been completed. The mile is the toughest event on the track, and there can be found many men who would rather sit in a boat with seven others to help and row four miles than to go out all alone and run the 4.20 mile, of which they are capable—and the four mile race is the hardest thing right now in the rowing line.

But it seems natural to suppose that a well trained athlete, who has the benefit of the proper coaching and who has been fitted to row a race, should be able to compete in a four mile contest without suffering harm from it.

This country and England bristle with examples of long lived oarsmen. The athlete is unfortunate, however, in that he is a marked man. There are less athletes than there are non-athletes. If there are hundreds of cases of anæmia among the non-athletes they prove nothing, the foe of athletes believes. But let one of the special class, who has trained possibly upon an inferior base, show the least signs of weakening and the whole system of athletics is arraigned.

The trainer who knows his business can make men out of weaklings, whether they are trying to run or to row or to wrestle or to swim. The well trained man, whose physical base is the right sort for training upon, is not harmed by proper indulgence in athletics, whether he rows four miles or walks a mile. And, furthermore, there is grave question whether the deadly fourth mile is as deadly as the hitherto unattacked final half of the one mile run.

RISING TO THE SITUATION.
Waitress: "We don't serve spirits, sir—only minerals."
Thirsty Visitor (desperately): "Oh, all right, bring me a piece of coal."—The Bystander.

## A Touch of the Beautiful.

ON the way to my office one morning a friend gave me a beautiful little rose bud, which I placed in the button-hole of my coat lapel. I am exceedingly found of flowers, and always handle them with the tenderest care, and I took the greatest pleasure from this little flower, so fragrant and coy. It did not enter into my mind that others loved flowers as well as myself, nor that a request for this little bit of beauty might come from some one on the street, and I was somewhat startled at hearing:

"Mister, give me that flower?"

The voice was that of a little girl, one of four children, playing in an express wagon on one of the streets of "The Ward." They were dirty, one or two of them very dirty. I did not want to give up my rose bud, and I began to parry the request.

"Oh, you don't want my little rose."

"Yes, I do."

"But," I said, "what will I do for a little rose, if you take this one from me?"

"You can get others."

Still, I did not want to give up the little rose bud. Then, I turned my attention, a little more closely, to the child that spoke. Curly hair, a little round face; bright, sparkling eyes; dimples there, too, in the cheeks; two white rows of pretty teeth; and the bewitching smile of the four year old girlie—that is what I saw in the old express wagon that morning. Then, there came surging in upon me the full force of that marvelous word, uttered by the lips of Him, who spoke, as never man spoke, "Inasmuch." Out from my button-hole came the little rose bud, to be given to the other little rose bud, and I said:

"If I give you this little flower, will you put it in water so that it won't fade?"

The child said: "Yes, sir," although I expected to see it torn to pieces. With the fondest care she got down from the express, and hurried into the poor apology for a house, to cherish the bit of beauty which had come to her from the great Father of all, through the hands of two strangers that June morning. What mattered it to me that the child was a little Jewess? Was not He a Jew? And is not the love, worked out to-day in so many benevolences, through Jew and Chirstian alike, coming from the same source—the Father of us all?

"Inasmuch." When I had given my cherished flower, and had passed on my way, did not my heart burn within me, as I communed? Was not the day a happy one?

P. C. LAVERTON HARRIS.

Toronto, 1909.

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She—Of course, I'm not as old as you think I am. He—I hope not—I mean you can't be—that is—how old are you?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

---

A single man doesn't have to lead a double life.—Life.

---

The Girl—I want you to help make him jealous—awfully, wildly jealous. The Man—Er—let's get married.—Truth.

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"Is he a good artist?" She glanced at him with petulant disdain. "He is a clever artist," she answered, pityingly; "no artists are good."—Life.

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# MUSIC

IN 1855, the local Philharmonic Society disbanded for lack of funds. This, as recorded in last Saturday's chapter on the early musical history of Toronto, was the third organization of its kind to meet with reverses. The fall of this society from want of public patronage had a most disheartening effect upon the musicians of Toronto, and it is not probable that any effort would have been made for many years to develop the taste and capabilities of our amateurs, had not the arrival of a new actor on the scene changed the aspect of affairs.

In 1856, Mr. Henry Carter, having accepted the post of organist at St. James' Cathedral, made his appearance in this city; and in the following year he conducted the first oratorio performance ever given in this province, the date being Dec. 17, 1857. The first oratorio performance in Canada was given shortly before at Quebec by Mr. Carter.

The oratorio selected for the Toronto performance was naturally the "Messiah." Such was the enthusiasm manifested that all tickets were sold, the concert-room filled to the doors, and an unfortunate outsider offered five dollars for admission, without success. Great as was the work accomplished, only twelve weeks were spent in organization, and but ten of these were devoted to the preliminary practices. Mr. Carter was assisted by Herr Griebel, and Messrs. Noverre, Maul, Schmitt, and Martin Lazare among the instrumentalists, and by Miss Davis, Miss Kemp (afterwards Mrs. Cobban), Miss Robinson, Mrs. Poetter, and Mrs. Scott, Messrs. Jacob Wright, Sugden, Barron, C. Grasett, Briscoe, Laing, Baxter, and F. Roche among the vocalists. The oratorio was repeated under the direction of Mr. Carter in March and May, 1868.

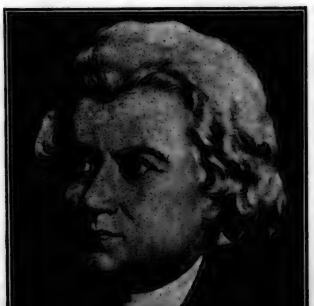
In the same year, "Judas Maccabeus" was performed under the direction of a gentleman who rejoiced in the fragrant name of the Rev. Mr. Onions, and who started an opposition scheme, which divided musical society into two parties, known as the Onionites and the Carterites. The feud was, however, rather of an amicable nature. The Rev. Mr. Onions had Mr. Noverre as leader of the band and Mr. G. F. Graham as organist. His vocalists were Mrs. and Miss Hickok; Misses Robinson and Searle; Mesdames Dunlevi, Wookey, Hastings and Emerson; Messrs. Lindsay, C. J. Martin, Humphreys, John Baxter, Briscoe, Sugden and Vial. The band and chorus were advertised as numbering two hundred. Mr. Carter, nothing daunted, responded to the challenge by giving the "Creation." The Metropolitan Choral Society was then organized from the remnants of the Onionite party, and under the direction of Mr. Martin Lazare, a very able musician, they also gave the "Creation."

In 1861-2, Mr. Carter formed the Toronto Musical Union, and during the season gave a series of performances which included the "Hymn of Praise," Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum," the "Messiah," Romberg's "Lay of the Bell," and a few miscellaneous performances. In 1863-4, occasional concerts were given by the Musical Union, with Mr. Carter as director, in connection with the Mechanic's Institute, and among the works produced were the "Messiah," "Judas Maccabeus," the "Creation," "Lay of the Bell," "Stabat Mater," and the operas "Il Trovatore" and "Martha." The Musical Union subsequently shared the fate of the societies that preceded it, and died from want of adequate support. But it will be seen that Mr. Carter did great service in making the public acquainted with compositions that, prior to his advent, were unknown in their entirety.

The repeated failures to establish a Musical Society on a permanent footing in Toronto, naturally deterred anyone from making a further attempt in this direction for some years.

In 1872, however, Mr. Robert Marshall, who was then a recent arrival in this city, and Mr. Alexander Wills determined to make an effort to start a new society. They finally induced a sufficient number of amateur instrumentalists and vocalists to combine for this purpose, and having secured the patronage of several leading citizens, they started the new enterprise with the old but hitherto disastrous name of Philharmonic Society.

Dr. McCaul was appointed the president; the veteran Dr. Clarke, conductor; Mr. Robert Marshall, vice-president; and Mr. John Hague, secretary. His Honor Lieut.-Governor Howland kindly consented to become patron, and the society entered on its career with fair prospects of success. Its first concert was a performance of the "Messiah" in Shaftesbury Hall. The chorus consisted of 28 sopranos, 26 altos, 48 tenors, 50 basses, and 8 soloists, making a total of 150. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Marshall, consisted of 12 violins, 3 violas, 3 'cellos, 2 double-basses, 2 flutes, 2 clarionets, 1 bassoon, 1 horn, 2 trumpets, and 2 drums—a total of 30. The solo vocalists were Misses Hillary, Clarke and Thomas; Mesdames Grassick and Cuthbert; Messrs. Sheriff, Marriott, Manton and Pearson. The pianist was Mr. H. G. Collins.



MUZART.

This was the last occasion on which Dr. Clarke conducted in public; his health was failing, and his retirement was followed a few years after by his death. Mr. Robert Marshall was prevailed upon to wield the baton until the arrival of Dr., then Mr., Torrington in 1873.

With the arrival of Dr. Torrington the early musical history of Toronto may be said to have drawn to a close. For these weekly chapters on the same the musical editor is indebted to an anonymous article which appeared in the Mail of December, 1878. Next week, the later musical history of Toronto will be dealt with.

* * *

Early in July, Mr. Henry J. Lautz departed from Toronto for his native city of Darmstadt, Germany. As a vocal teacher, accompanist and composer, Mr. Lautz has proved to be a valuable acquisition to the ranks of our local professional musicians, and his successful recitals in German song were always stimulative and educative. Mr. Lautz's compositions have been published by Schirmer of New York, as well as by different foreign publishers, and by Toronto and Buffalo firms. Mr. Lautz's "Valse Caprice" is one of the most graceful things of its class that I have come across, with themes that haunt one through their sheer beauty. In returning to Germany for a year or more, Mr. Lautz intends to devote is attention more exclusively to the creative side of musical art. Success to you, friend Heinrich, and Auf Wiedersehen!

ARPEGGIO.

* * *

A letter from Mme. Nordica's London manager says that on figuring up the profits of the two Nordica concerts given recently in London it was found that Mme. Nordica had cleared 1,100 pounds, or $5,500, which Col. Mapleson said was "as things go in London, altogether unprecedented, and no one but Mme. Patti has ever achieved such a fine financial result." The second concert, which partook of the nature of a farewell, was marked by the greatest enthusiasm. The stage was literally covered by floral offerings, and at the close of the concert the audience recalled the great prima donna times without end.

* * *

A fall tour of twenty-five concerts has been booked for Isadora Duncan, the classic dancer, with the New York Symphony Orchestra, which Walter Damrosch will conduct in person. On account of the fatigue entailed by the long and trying performances, Miss Duncan is obliged to limit her appearances to four a week. Her tour will open at Albany, N.Y., on October 8th, after which she will visit the following cities: Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Madison, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Louisville, St. Louis (two appearances), Columbus, Philadelphia, New York two appearances at Metropolitan Opera House), Boston (two dates), Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Hartford, Springfield and Providence.

* * *

When Mme. Liza Lehmann comes to America next season to present her famous music she will be accompanied by Miss Palgrave-Turner, contralto, who has toured with her through the English Provinces as one of the principal interpreters of her music. Miss Palgrave-Turner is an English woman, who is very highly spoken of by the critics for her concert work in London.

* * *

It is announced that Mme. Nordica will give a concert in Brooklyn on December 9th, when she will be assisted by Jascha Bron, the Russian boy violinist, of whom great things are predicted for his American tour next year.

* * *

Among the wealth of musical attractions to be offered next season none will exceed, in general interest, the American debut of Pepito Arriola, the wonderful Spanish child pianist, who created one of the sensations of the last London season. He is now twelve years old and quite experienced in concert work, having appeared as soloist with the Philharmonic Orchestras of St. Petersburg, Warsaw, Moscow, Berlin, Dresden, Bremen, Munich, Frankfort, London, etc.

* * *

W. Preston MacHenry has been appointed musical director of the High Park Presbyterian Church. It is expected that the new edifice now building, and into which this congregation will move, will be completed and ready for occupancy about the first of the year. The new church will have accommodation for 1,200. The facilities for the choir will be greatly increased, and Mr. MacHenry expects to bring it up eventually to forty voices. The coming month Mr. MacHenry, who comes highly recommended, will open a studio for the teaching of voice culture.

* * *

With the object of encouraging the study of the less known orchestral instruments, the Toronto Conservatory of Music has decided to offer free scholarships in certain such branches. The first announcement includes two French Horn Scholarships for the season of 1909-10, value one hundred dollars. The instruction will be given in private lessons by a specialist in this work, and all candidates for the same should make application to the Registrar not later than September 15th.

* * *

Among the new members of the Toronto Conservatory of Music staff, the name of Mr. Richard Tattersall, organist of St. Thomas' Episcopal Church, Huron street, is prominently associated with musical enterprise in the city of Glasgow, Scotland, where he was one of the organists to the corporation, and was also well known in other Scottish cities. Mr. Tattersall's early studies were with Mr. Philip Halstead, of Glasgow, and Mr. Herbert Walton, organist of Glasgow Cathedral, while later on, special piano work was taken up in Berlin with Scharwenka. Returning to Scotland, steady work at city churches and in connection with suburban choral societies occupied the young artist for several years, during which time he also filled the more unusual position of private pianist and organist to Mr. Carnegie, the well-known millionaire. Mr. Tattersall now enjoys an equally high reputation in Toronto, and will, next season, as a special feature of his work at the Conservatory, give a series of recitals on the fine new concert organ in the music hall. As pianist he has appeared several times here already, and next year will be heard as one of the Brahms Trio, a new instrumental organization, in which Miss Lina Adamson, violiniste, and Mr. John Linden, 'cellist, are the other artists. Mr. Tattersall is looked upon as one of the most talented choirmasters in Toronto, and maintains a very attractive service at his church, which has always been somewhat famous for the interest of its musical programme.

---

SIR FREDERICK THESIGER, while engaged in the conduct of a case, objected to the irregularity of the counsel on the opposite side, who, in examining his witnesses, put leading questions.

"I have a right," answered the counsel, "to deal with my witnesses as I please."

"To that I offer no objection," retorted Sir Frederick; "you may deal as you like, but you sha'n't lead."

---

Daughter—"Mamma, who was Minerva? Mother—The goddess of wisdom—she never married."—The Club-Fellow.

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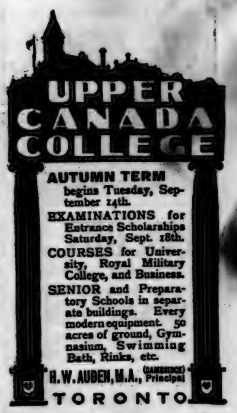

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MOSIE was a typhoid canvalescent. He had been in the hospital seven weeks, but in all that time no one had succeeded in winning even the faintest smile from the little fellow. Perhaps the sorrows of Russia were still too vivid a memory.

And then one day the nurses tickled him playfully under the chin. He looked up with a pitiful little smile.

"Oh, so you are ticklish!" said the nurse, laughing.

"No, ma'am," he replied, the smile instantly vanquishing, "I'm Yiddish."

* * *

THE stranger had been compelled to linger twenty-four hours within the gates.

"Well," queried the landlord of the village inn, as the stranger was settling his bill, "what do you think of our place as a summer resort?"

"I'd hate to tell you," answered the stranger, as he picked up his grip. "Even what I think of it as a last resort would not look well in print."

* * *

AN old couple lived in the mountains of eastern Tennessee; he was ninety-five and she ninety. Their son, a man of seventy, died. As the old folks crossed the pasture to their cabin after the burial the woman noticed a tear roll down her husband's cheek. She patted him tenderly on the arm and said:

"Never mind, John, never mind; you know I always said we never would raise that boy."

DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT.
Tramp (Soliloquizing): "So that's what it is! I thought it was a beehive in the distance."—The Tatler.

* * *

IN a primary school the other day the head master of the district presented a problem for the scholars that would require the use of fractions. He expected the answer, "I don't know." The problem was:

"If I had eight potatoes, how could I divide them among nine boys?"

One bright-looking youngster raised his hand.

"Well?" said the master.

"Mash them," promptly replied the young mathematician.

* * *

LORD MORLEY, speaking before the Imperial Press Conference, in London, told this story:

"I remember once when I was a boy in charge of a newspaper there came to me a youngster who sought employment and I said:

"'Have you any special quality?'

"Yes, he thought he had.

"'What is it?'

"He said 'invective.'

"'Any particular form?'

"'No; general invective.'

"From what I observed in one or two quarters I believe that my friend must have found employment since."

* * *

A KEEN golfer, but middling player, who was paying his annual visit to a certain seaside course, remarked to his caddie:

"By the way, I played a round with Tom McGregor the last time I was here. Grand player, McGregor!"

"Aye," said the caddie, "but ye could bate McGregor noo."

"Do you think so?" exclaimed the gratified visitor, well aware of the McGregor's prowess.

"Aye," drawled the caddie; McGregor's deid!"

* * *

A LONDON cabman, hailed by a countryman who was dressed in a style calculated to make the Cockneys laugh, shrugged his shoulders and was about to drive on, when the countryman shouted to him:

"What! you refuse to take me, although you are not engaged?"

"Well, no," said the cabby. "I'll take you just to amuse the poor old horse."

* * *

AN officer on board one of His Majesty's ships was about to reward an Irish sailor for some act of great bravery.

"Now, my lads," said he, "I am very proud to pin this medal on the breast of Patrick Flynn and lodge £5 to his credit in the bank as a reward for his great pluck."

Pat blushed, looked at his superior officer, and said: "If it's all the same to you, sir, I'd rather you'd pin the £5 note on my chest and lodge the medal in the bank."

* * *

ON the morning of an entertainment, to which a certain boy was going, his mother suggested that he should take his little sister, about four years old, with him. He hung his head.

"Don't you want to take her?" his mother asked.

"No, I don't," he answered.

"Why not?"

"'Cause there ain't none of the other fellers has to bring their children!" was the reply.

* * *

AT his desk in the city the father noted with pleasure the arrival of a letter from his daughter, aged twelve, who, with her mother, was passing a fortnight at a little known but ambitious summer resort. He opened the missive and read with interest the brief communication, but he found two careful erasures in an upper corner of the sheet more eloquent than the written words.

In the advertisement printed on the stationery was a list of attractions claimed for the resort, and the youthful critic had taken pains to cross out "perfect climate" and "home comforts."

* * *

THERE was a certain Bishop of Amiens, who was consulted by a lady as to whether she might wear *rouge*. She had been with several *directours*, but some were so severe and some were so relaxed that she could not satisfy her conscience, and, therefore, was come to monseigneur to decide for her, and would rest by his sentence.

"I see, madame," said the good prelate, "what the case is; some of your casuists forbid *rouge* totally; others will permit you to wear as much as you please. Now, for my part, I love a medium in all things, and, therefore, I permit you to wear *rouge* on one cheek only."

* * *

A LITTLE chap was offered a chance to spend a week in the country, but refused. Coaxing, pleading, arguing, promising of untold wonders alike brought him nothing but the stubborn ultimatum, "No country for me!"

"But why not?" some one asked, finally.

"Because," he responded, "they have thrashin' machines down there, an' it's bad enough here where it's done by hand."

* * *

THOMAS SIMPSON, the Detroit malleable-iron man, is a grave and dignified person, but once he made a joke.

He was sitting with a party of friends, one of whom was smoking an enormous cigar. The friend had difficulty in keeping the cigar going, and by his repeated lightings had frazzled the end of it until it was about twice its original size. But he kept bravely at it.

Suddenly Simpson began to laugh.

"What are you laughing at, Tom?" asked another member of the party.

"I was wondering what Jim would do when that umbrella he is smoking begins to blaze," he said.

* * *

A WOMAN of this city had to discharge her waitress and cook, who were sisters. She had occasion to call up the person through whom she had originally obtained these jewels. The latter said laughing:

"I should like to tell you of the character that they gave you."

"Oh, do," said the other. "I insist."

"Well, the cook came to me at once. 'I don't think them people is married,' she remarked. 'No married man is that polite to his wife.'"

* * *

WHEN the string band, hidden behind the rose and carnation screen in Mrs. Poole's dining-room, began to play an air from one of Meyerbeer's operas, the daughter of the house turned hopefully to the young and apparently dumb stranger who had been told off to take her in. Here was a promising opening for conversation:

"Do you like Meyerbeer?" she asked. "I never drank a glass of one of those lagers in my life," the young man replied coldly.

* * *

THERE was an old farmer up country who was noted for his skill in guessing the weight of hogs, both live and dressed. He had a great reputation and was very jealous of it, so jealous, in fact, that as he grew older he would rarely venture a guess, fearing he might make a mistake. He lived on his reputation.

One fall he raised a very large hog and killed and dressed it. A neighbor came along just then.

"Jim," he said, "did that there hog meet your expectations? What did ye put him down for, anyhow?"

"Well," replied the old farmer with vast conservatism, "that hog didn't weigh as much as I expected and I hardly thought it would."

* * *

MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT, the American suffragist leader, apropos of woman suffrage, recently said:

"Men of that sort—men of that stupid sort—treat us women like little children or pet animals. They make no account of us whatever. They are like old Calhoun White, the negro. Old Calhoun walked down the main street one morning in his best black broadcloth suit, with a white rose in his button-hole and cotton gloves on his large hands.

"Why, Calhoun,' said the barber, 'are you taking a holiday?'

"'Dish yere,' said the old man, in a stately voice, 'dish yere am mah golden weddin', sah. Ah'm sallybratin' hit.'

"'But your wife,' said the barber, 'is working as usual. I saw her at the tub as I came out. Why isn't she celebrating, too?'

"'Her?' said Calhoun angrily. 'She haint got nuffin' to do with it. She's ma fourth'"

"Many new faces since I was here last?"
"Yes, Colonel. I think me and you will be about the last of the old set."—Punch.

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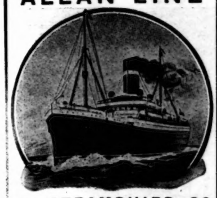

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## No Party for Mr. Gnagg

MR. GNAGG having suggested the giving of a little automobile party to some friends by way of repaying social obligations, Mr. Knagg avails himself of the opportunity to exude the following comment:

Oh, "a little automibile party," hey? Getting so you like these nifty sounding phrases, aren't you? "Little automobile party"—humph! Some gorgeous, that. Quite a few highfalutin.

Why don't you invite 400 or 500 of these chippery chappery friends to visit you for a couple of months at your villa in the Thuosand Islands?

Or why not have 'em all swoop down upon you for the week end at your Elizabethan seat in Shropshire.

Or get 'em all to trot over with you for the grouse season at your shooting box in Scotland?

Or snag the bunch of 'em for a house party at your Doge's palace in Venice?

Or charter a special train and take 'em on a leisurely tour through old Mexico?

Or hire the Corsair or the North Star from Mr. Morgan or Mr. Vanderbilt and cruise the gang around the North Cape?

There's no use in piking, you know. "A little automobile party" sounds pretty tinkly and giddy, it is true, but you might as well go through with it while you're utilizing that branl of superheatel steam and let off a little vapor about staking your comic valentine gang of cronies to a coaching tour among the Roman ruins in France or to a riotous houseboat month on the Thames or something like that. Why not treat 'em to one of those Berkshire Hills balloon parties? You ought to hand 'em something new and novel and flossy, you know. Try and get away from the old stuff. Y'see, any shoe clerk can stake his friends to a mountain climbing junket in the Austrian Tyrol or a three months' tour of the near and far East, but it takes imagination and initiative to dope out novel numbers, and that's why I'm glad you've come to me with your delightful little hospitable suggestion.

But before we take off our coats and begin to work out some entirely original and expensive method of entertaining your assortment of chummies, perhaps you'll be good enough to elucidate just what you mean when you say that we owe any of 'em anything?

How's that? Oh, I don't say that you did put it in just those words, but you don't have to fly at me like a giant auk of the Andes every time I fail to quote you literally, you know. You chattered something about the repayment of social obligations, didn't you? Well, obligation means owing something, doesn't it? That's my understanding of the word obligation, anyhow. Every day of my life I'm meeting obligations and blamed heavy ones at that in connection with the running of this dump, so that I guess that I ought to have an elementary idea anyhow as to the meaning of the word obligation.

Well, what obligations am I supposed to be under to this gang of chirpers that you're so blithely talking about taking out on "a little automobile party?" Hey? How have I placed myself under obligations to any of 'em? Be good enough if you please to Fletchcherize that word obligation in this particular connection, and then inform me what you make of it, won't you?

D'ye mean that I've accompanied you to the flats of a few of 'em once in a great while and partaken of what they called Dutch lunches with my legs under their groaning mahoganies a few het up frankfurters and some rather clammy potato salad and some beer? Is that one of the items that put me under social obligations to 'em?

Or is the fact that we've played a little bridge at the plants of a few of 'em, generally getting frisked by 'em down to the collar button, one of the details helping me to get myself under social obligations to them?

I seem to remember, too, that you've dragged me around to the homes of a lot of 'em—generally on evenings so inclement that only insane persons were to be met with on the streets—and that on these occasions I've had to listen to their daughters squeaking songs that made the ravings of a maniac phonograph running down hill on a 60 per cent. grade sound by comparison like an Æolian symphony heard in a midsummer night's dream. Is the suffering that I've endured on these occasions another one of the items that have served to put me under social obligations to this layout of your pals?

I've been hauled around by you to the establishments of a lot of 'em where the he members of the sketches bawled at me about the tariff being a tax, and where the women gabbled unremittedly about how hard it is now to get a Swedish maid for $23 a month, when only last year just as bad a Scandinavian maid could be engaged for $22 a month, and then some woman in a stiff, wine colored silk dress and a light in her eyes that never was on land or sea would herd me up in a cosey corner and tell me all about the New Thought movement and ask me why I didn't stop using tobacco so's to achieve the higher calm. Did I get under social obligations to these people by enduring that kind of drawn out misery?

"Farthest South" Chackelton (on right) and Lord Strathcona.

It may be that I'm suffering from soft cataract on both wicks, but all the same I can't seem to uncoil any better reasons than those I've named why I should be under social obligations to these folks that you're talk-about massing upon some large square and then taking out automobiling through New York and adjoining States, with roadhouse banquets on the side, beer, bowling, skittles and cream ale between, probably with Sousa's Band to head the parade, and the populace lined up on both sides of the road all the way from here to Lake Keuka, audibly wondering where I managed to snag out the bankroll to do it all on.

Now don't misunderstand me, if you please. I know that misunderstanding me is the cutest little thing you do, and that you extract the keenest imaginable enjoyment from it. But get me right as to this thing. I wouldn't mind going as far as you liked in the matter of staking this gang of yours to a regular Heliogabalian divvle of a time, on wheels or off of 'em, if there was any reasonable way whereby I could dope out the reason or reasons why I should owe any or all of 'em this kind of a Coal Oil Johnny fiesta. But I can't dope it out, that's all.

They've all been handed the best I've got around this plant just as often if not an infernal sight oftener than they've ever slipped me anything in the way of bodily comfort or social entertainment, and if there's any debt or obligation gag that's got to be balanced, according to your dictum and system, I can't see why if I devoted ten minutes or so to trying it on I shouldn't be able to figure that most of 'em are under social obligations to me.

Indirectly or vicariously, that is to say, I don't go so far as to say that I myself have entertained twenty or thirty of the women folks of the bunch to luncheons in my home about four or five times a week, but you have, and it's about the same thing.

What's that? You never entertained as many as twenty women at a luncheon party here or anywhere else in your life?

Oh, well, you don't have to take a cheese knife and pare down the figures that I merely mention in a sort of offhand, figurative way, you know. I'm speaking in general terms for the purpose of conveying my views as to this matter of social obligations that you've pulled on me, and there's no occasion for you to try to pin me down to exact figures when I confine myself to round numbers. I don't profess to've taken any actual census of the gangs and hordes of women that you've been luncheoning here practically every week day since we've been here. But I know what I know about how you've made this dump a sort of Liberty Hall for all of the unmoored, drifting female flatters in this region, with me to pay the freight, and I don't have to give the actual tabulated statistics about things that I know all about, not if I know it.

As a straight matter of fact I hardly ever have a good fair crack at this apartment, and you konw it. Every time I mooch in here there's some kind of a bunch here, always people that I'm about fourteen million miles away from when it comes to a common plane upon which to build a mutual interest. They don't know anything about things that I know about, and I don't care a hang about the piffling things that they know all about, and there you are. Result is that I've got to grin around like a gargoyle and make a saphead of myself pretending to be tickled to death over the gabble they're staking me to, and under restraint with 'em all the time and generally miserable and martyred while they stick around.

Where you ever snag out these mental molluscs, male and female, is something that I lie awake in the middle of hot nights and try to puzzle out. I never meet such starfish anywhere else but here. How they happen to gravitate to this dump beats me forty ways from the jack. I try to make the best of 'em just to please you, and all like that, but the job's too much for me. They're the most imaginationless lot of mussels that ever got huddled anywhere together on land or sea or beneath, and how they even contrive to move around and breathe and go through the motions of living and keep 'emselves from being taken up as hopeless imbeciles is the thing that ties me in bowknots whenever I set myself to trying to uncoil the answer.

And these are the folks that I'm under social obligations to, hey?

Well, not if little Bright Eyes knows it, and I guess he does. I'd be a heap obliged to 'em, when it comes to that, if they'd boycott me or declare a lockout on me and keep away from here and order me to keep away from their plants. Nothing on earth would tickle me so much as some such plan as this. But that's as far as the obliging thing goes with me. When it comes to my being under social obligations to 'em I'm there with a writ of supersedeas and a search warrant to find out where it comes in, and you hear me talking.

How's that? So many of 'em were nice to me when I was sick with the grip last winter?

Oh, come now, forget all that. I'm just as grateful as anybody, and I'll stand and take off my shirt and hand it to anybody that does me any sure enough kindness. But I s'pose you're adverting now to the fact that when I was sick last winter a whole passel of these crazy women of your acquaintance, having nothing else to do, kept the phone here buzzing every minute of the night and day asking you how I was just as an excuse to rattle off a lot of pinheaded chatter about things that interested only themselves and you.

Oh, yes, and now I remember that two or three of 'em when I was sick sent me slabs of acrid lemon meringue pie to eat because they knew that I was on a strict diet and couldn't eat their junk and find out how punk it was.

D'ye mention that as one of the reasons why I'm under social obligations to these people?

Because, you know, you don't have to toss it up to me that I was sick for a few days last winter and that by being sick for those few days I inflicted incalculable misery and grief and outrage upon you by sort of forcing you to save your face to remain in the house here with me for a few days.

So you've developed the microbe now, have you, that you've got to charter all the automobiles in New York and its environs and take this mob of chin festers of our mutual acquaintance, but particularly of your acquaintance, out on an extended Glidden tour de luxe, hey?

Great little scheme of yours, that. But the plan is too rich, rare, radiant and ornate, as it were. It reminds me too much of something that a Pittsburg hostess with about two million a year would do.

You'd better call that little scheme off, that's all. You can pass it all up to me. Just tell 'em that your gorilla of a husband being the original tightwad and the man who wrote the words and music of the song "The Soldered Fist," refused to listen to your proposition to take 'em all off on a motoring toot, and it'll be all right. You make me the Patsie for all of these things anyhow, and so you might just as well do it again in this case. Tell 'em, besides, that I don't give you enough to eat, that I make you do your own washing and also cut my hair, that I fine you two bits every time you sneeze, that I force you to go to bed every evening at half past seven to save gas bills and all that kind of amiable fluff. They'll understand, all right. You've paved the way, no doubt, for an understanding on their part, and by this method you'll let yourself out, you see.

Now come at me again, won't you, please, with some additional talk about my or our social obligations.—New York Sun.

Country Drummer (with cigars): "Pardon me; have you a match?" Village Loafer (tentatively): "Yaas; but I hain't no se-gar." Country Drummer: "Good! In that case you won't need the match!"—Chicago News.


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# BOOKS AND AUTHORS

FOR some time past the English reviewers have been indulging in high praise of "Tono-Bungay," the latest work of H. G. Wells and practically his first novel. Now the Macmillan Company of Canada has issued the book, and readers in this country are here advised that it is one of the notable achievements of modern literature. The fame of Mr. Wells has, up to the present, rested upon his prolific output of stories all more or less of the nature of his flying-machine tales and on his sociological studies. "Tono-Bungay" is at once a sociological study and a flying-machine story, but it is very much more. It is a novel in the full sense of the word. It is a fine, leisurely story, writen in the good old-fashioned way, dealing with the modern problems of England and the Empire. It is a novel in the true sense because it gives a complete picture of life, as distinguished from so-called novels which are merely enlarged and elaborated incidents. The great old English novels are great chiefly because of their completeness. If a youth knew no other book but "Vanity Fair" or "Great Expectations" he would have therein the foundation of a liberal education such as Dr. Eliot talks of. And it is not going too far to say that in "Tono-Bungay" there are presented for examination in their true perspective all the chief unchanging problems of individual humans and the ever-changing problems of a nation and of humanity as a whole.

The story, as a story, is one of compelling interest. Young Ponderevo, the son of the housekeeper at Bladesover, a big country house, early learned of the constitution of British society—believing that the Bladesover system was "a working model of the whole world." Head of the system was "her leddyship," and the status of all the people of the countryside and of the servants of "the Hall" was definitely fixed. The boy fell foul of the system by daring to thrash another boy, a relative of "her leddyship," and refusing to apologize. In disgrace he was apprenticed to Nicodemus Frapp, his mother's cousin, a baker in a small town at some distance. The Frapp family was typical of the poorest, narrowest rural class in England. Pride of person, decent self-respect were not "for the likes of them." Their only consolation was to go to church on Sunday, "where they solaced their minds on the thought that all that was fair and free in life, all that struggled, all that planned and made, all pride and beauty and honor, all fine and enjoyable things, were irrevocably damned to everlasting torments." A few weeks of life with these people drove young Ponderevo to the announcement that he hated their religion and didn't believe in even the existence of God. He escaped, returned to Bladesover, and was taken, as a last resort, to his uncle, Edward Ponderevo, a chemist in another town, and again apprenticed. He found this uncle to be a new type altogether—a rather absurd little figure, but a man sizzling with energy. Pretty soon this uncle, who despised his slow-going neighbors, and who was fairly bursting with ideas for getting rich quick, played the stock market at the wrong end, losing everything he possessed and the boy's small trust fund to boot. Then he went to London—and "Tono-Bungay" came into existence. This was his name for a patent medicine, which he boomed with enormous success. Many other schemes were exploited and the erstwhile village chemist became a king of "high finance." In the rise and fall of his tremendous fake operations the younger Ponderevo had his share, pursuing scientific studies and experimenting with aeroplanes meanwhile, and having experiences with love and divorce.

The characterization of the book is finely done. The patent medicine king, his wife, the younger Ponderevo, the women of the latter's love affairs, and all the minor figures of the tale are life-like as well as being clean-cut types. Together in their strivings, achievements and failures they form a striking picture of present-day conditions in England—of the passing of a system, of "the old prides and old devotions"; of the coming of new forces but little understood.

In "Tono-Bungay" Mr. Wells does not attempt to solve the social problems of his country—some of which are world-problems—but he has contrived to bring to bear upon them, by keen analysis and powerful suggestion, a new illumination.

* * *

"The Bride of the Mistletoe," by James Lane Allen, the first work of fiction by this author to be published in six years, has been issued in Canada by the Macmillan Company. It is not a novel, but a long short story, as it were, and it is to be followed by two other works which will complete the theme dealt with. This is fortunate, for I very much doubt if the average reader, by perusing the first volume of the cycle, will have any distinct idea of what the theme is. "The Bride of the Mistletoe" is one of those stories which most readers can only pretend to enjoy or understand. "It is beautiful," said a friend on whom I tried the book; "I am quite conscious of its fineness and subtlety, and I feel somehow refreshed and strengthened by reading it—but what it means exactly I cannot tell."

It is a Christmas story of a middle-aged married couple living on a Kentucky farm; and the time covered is only about forty hours. It is a treatment of a crisis in the relations between the man—a professor of forestry—and his wife. Although the artistic workmanship of the story has been extolled rather extravagantly, it seems scarcely good craftmanship to make a man—even a professor—address his wife, alone in their home, after this stilted fashion:

"But comrade of all these years.

"JOHN STRANGE WINTER"

Interests herself in a cream machine at a recent London show. Mrs. Stannard, who first burst into fame as the clever authoress of "Booties' Baby," has written a huge number of novels. Apart from writing her interests are many and varied, and include among others the invention of a favorite hair restorer and a face cream.

battler with me for life's victories, did you think you were never to know? Did you believe I was never to explain? You had only one more day to wait! If patience, if faith, could only have lasted another twenty-four hours—until Christmas Eve!"

The chief fault of the story indeed is that it gives the reader the impression that during the six years of his silence Mr. Allen had lived a life of detachment from men and women—that he writes from study knowledge, and that his characters are not real, not human. The author of "A Kentucky Cardinal," "Flute and Violin," and other fine stories must always be regarded as a writer of pure literature with a peculiar charm. But in "The Bride of the Mistletoe" he has missed his mark, if his aim has been to interpret a marriage problem of normal human beings. The American critics, however, find in the work no artificiality. They are almost unanimous in regarding it as being unexcelled in language and imagery. Perhaps they are right. The imagery, beyond a doubt, is exquisite. As to the significance and real value of the story the individual reader must himself decide.

* * *

A very interesting volume, and one which will have constantly increasing value as a work of reference, is "People of the Plains," by Amelia M. Paget, published by William Briggs, Toronto. It deals with the habits and traditions of the Indians of Western Canada, and is written largely from first-hand knowledge. Moreover, its trustworthiness is vouched for by Duncan Campbell Scott, of the Department of Indian Affairs at Ottawa, who has edited the volume and written an introduction to it. It may therefore be freely commended as an authoritative record of aboriginal life in this country. The writer, Mrs. Frederick H. Paget, spent most of her early days in the North-west. With her father, Mr. W. J. MacLean, who was a Hudson's Bay Company officer, she lived at Qu'Appelle for eight years, and at that point had exceptional opportunities of observing the life of the natives of the plains. She had the further experience of being taken captive, with her father, by Big Bear at the time of the half-breed and Indian uprising of 1885, and was a prisoner for over a year. At that time she added greatly to her knowledge of the Cree language and of Indian habits and superstitions. Mrs. Paget has supplemented the knowledge that was at times actually forced upon her by patient and highly intelligent investigation, and in the volume just issued she has contributed a welcome addition to the all too rare records of the West that was. In addition to being reliable the book is very brightly written.

* * *

Mills & Boon, publishers, of 49 Whitcomb street, W.C., London, have issued a volume entitled "The Chauffeur's Companion," which ought to be useful to all drivers of motor cars. Owners of automobiles might find it to their advantage to secure copies of the book for their chauffeurs and insist on their reading the excellent counsel therein, especially the advice as to sane driving.

* * *

"F. Marion Crawford and His Home-Life" is the subject of an interesting paper in Munsey's. The late novelist's library, we are told, held more than 5,000 volumes, many of them containing the author's autographs. The entire collection, which included many rare and valuable books, was in charge of Mr. Morley, an Oxford man, who acted as tutor to Mr. Crawford's children.

* * *

For fifty years The Atlantic Monthly, of Boston, has been the leading literary magazine of America, and yet in its latest issue it publishes short stories by three young writers who have never before been contributors. This ought to give heart to unknown writers who fear that only those with established reputations receive consideration from leading periodicals.

* * *

The Harvard University library secured from a dealer in Philadelphia two years ago a complete set of the second series of The Spectator. The British Museum, the Bodleian, and the Harvard libraries have sets of the first series, but it was thought no perfect set of the second series existed. It was catalogued for $500 among some of the books from a private library that had been turned over to a dealer in prints and pictures.

* * *

An interesting controversy regarding authors' profits is causing mingled amusement and surprise in London (writes the London correspondent of The New York Sun). Arnold Bennett, one of the cleverest and most popular of modern English writers, has stated that there must be nearly a hundred novelists who are making $4,800 a year by fiction, and he undertakes to find forty who are making a still larger income on the lists of the three principal fiction publishers alone.

Edgar Jepson, an industrious and accomplished writer of humorous tales, challenges this statement and says he will give Mr. Bennett $12 for every novelist in the lists above the number of thirty who is earning over $4,800 a year. Mr. Jepson does not believe that there are twenty novelists in England to-day who are earning anything like that amount.

Mr. Bennett proposes to get out statistics proving his case. Meanwhile, notes The Sun man, writers of stories, short or long, are laying odds on Mr. Jepson.

* * *

Colonel Andrew Haggard, brother of the famous writer of novels of adventure, is a noted explorer and traveler. He is also becoming a prolific author, writing scientific yet popular accounts of his expeditions.

* * *

B. W. Dodge & Company announce a translation of the complete works of Emile Zola. Some of his novels will here appear for the first time in English, not to mention his critical and dramatic work which has been little read in this country. Each volume will contain a preface by some critic of note. About twenty-five volumes of the fiction will be issued first.

HAL.

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A well-known London newspaper correspondent writes:

Those who have followed closely the progress of French fiction have welcomed the improvement in the matter of purity that characterizes the ordinary French novel. Charles Dejob of the Revue Critique has lately stated that the fate of a nation depends less on its pedagogic and political doctrines than on its manners. And he goes on to say:

"The most certain way of reforming our nation would be to purify its literature. If every one, society people and the working classes, were fed on more healthy reading matter I am persuaded that universal suffrage would escape many of the criticisms which now it has to undergo."

But even if this were done it may be doubted whether Latin nations will ever have the same ideas as the Teutonic with regard to the desirable attitude toward sexual matters. Take for instance the sort of guide to the heart of woman written by the celebrated Stendhal or Henri Beyle now published in the Revue Bertie under the title of "Le Catehcisne ne d'un Roue." In this the future philosopher puts solemnly down the rules of conduct which he thinks will best help him to make conquests among the sex—to affect extreme frankness, to amuse them with pleasant anecdotes, which will lead them to make on themselves flattering reflections.

For the rest audacity is the chief thing he recommends, and he writes that it shows tact to talk and act a great deal. His favorite aphorism is "There never was an honest woman who was not tired of her business."

The amusing part of the affair is that Beyle was by no means the conqueror he would wish to be taken for, being short, fat and abrupt in manner, besides being sentimental, melancholy and excessively shy. But fancy an American or an English boy taking the trouble to put on paper all this stuff!

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106


## Niagara on the Lake ::

A MIXED foursome was played on the Queen's Royal links last Saturday afternoon, an unusually large number entering. The handsome prizes, which were won by Miss Geysler and Mr. Hughes, were given by Mrs. S. H. Thompson. Dainty refreshments were served on the verandah of the pretty clubhouse. Some of those who played were Mrs. St. John, Mrs. Moncrieff, Miss Creed, Miss Scott, Miss Violet Edwards, Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Barnard, Miss Heward, Mrs. Harvey, Mrs. Van Rensealer, Miss J. Thompson, Miss Miller, Miss McLean, Miss Ogilvie, Mr. Suydam, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Harvey, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Barnard, Mr. J. Hughes, Mr. Johnston, Mr. Tilson, Mr. Hostetter, Mr. Drummond, Mr. Burns, Mr. Miller, Mr. Bexter.

*

Miss Bernard, who has been visiting friends in Toronto, has returned home.

*

Mr. E. S. Ball spent the week end in town.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Curry, with their pretty daughter, Irene, have arrived at the Queen's Royal for their annual visit and have been enjoying some delightful runs over the Niagara roads in their beautiful car, which is one of the finest in America.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Glackmeyer have returned to Toronto.

*

Miss W. B. Servos is visiting friends in Grimsby.

*

Mrs. Strachan Johnston and her children are at the Queen's Royal for the summer. Mrs. Ewart Osborne and her little ones arrived last week; also Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Suydam, Mr. J. Suydam, Mr. Roden Kingsmill, and many other well known Torontonians.

*

Miss Kathleen Ball has returned home after a pleasant trip to the Thousand Islands, Montreal and Quebec.

*

The dance at the Queen's Royal Saturday evening was as jolly as ever. Some of those present were Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Suydam, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, Miss Miller, Miss Violet Edwards, Miss Clara Foy, Mrs. Coffin, Miss Crysler, Miss Geddes Andrews, Miss Jessie Thompson, Miss Patti Warren, Miss Gooderham, Miss Garrett, Miss Sarah Lancing, Mrs. Porter, Miss Siser, Miss Margaret Silverthorne, Miss Hope Wigmore, Miss McLean. A few of the men were: Mr. Gale, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Cole, Mr. Smith, Mr. Moncrieff, Mr. Warren, Mr. Strathy, Mr. Tilson, Mr. Harvey, Mr. Garrett, Mr. Ross, Mr. Drummond, Mr. Bexter, Mr. Aldington, Mr. Scott, Mr. Bell, and others.

MARCELL.

## Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS.

SEAGRAM—At Waterloo, Ont., on Tuesday, July 27, 1909, the wife of Mr. E. Prowde Seagram, a son.

SPENCE—At the Goronado, 72 Winchester street, on July 24, 1909, to Mr and Mrs. L. Fletcher Spence of 42 D'Arcy street, a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

PARKER—PARKER—On Wednesday, July 28, 1909, at 107 Hazelton avenue, by Rev. William Farncomb, B.A., Edward Gartly Parker, 32 Bernard avenue, son of the late Rev. T. L. Parker, Harrogate, England, to Sarah Anne Parker, daughter of the late Charles Hodgson Parker, Toronto.

DEATHS.

BARBER—Suddenly, at Halifax, N.S., on Sunday, July 25, 1909, James Alexander Barber of 217 Simcoe street, Toronto.

BRYDEN—At Toronto, on Wednesday, July 28, 1909, Miss Annie V., daughter of Mrs. Margaret Bryden, of Flinton, Ont.

POWERS—At Port Hope, on Wednesday, July 28, 1909, Robina Richardson, second daughter of Dr. L. S. Powers.


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N. 3755

## Celebrities Who Go Fishing in Quebec

JAMES J. HILL and his fishing companions now in camp on the St. John River, nearly four hundred miles below Quebec, on the fringe of the Labrador peninsula, are having royal sport. They went in their yacht from Quebec City to Mr. Hill's river, for which he pays the Government of the Province of Quebec $3,000 a year. The river accommodates about four or five rods easily, and the combined score of the angers often runs from 500 to 600 fish. Mr. Hill is a most persistent fisherman, fishing from fairly early morning as long as it is light enough to see the flies on the water at night, without any apparent fatigue after the first few days in camp. His angling companions this season are George F. Baker, Samuel Thorne, L. W. Hill, President George B. Harris of the Burlington and Dr. George D. Stewart.

Thomas Murdoch, of Chicago, has fished the York River in Gaspe for many years past, paying only $650 a year for one of the finest rivers on the south shore of the Gulf. Robert E. Plumb, of Detroit, pays $600 annually for the Washecootai, far down the Gulf on the north shore, and is at present fishing the river with his daughter. The Washecootai is a fine river for large fish, but difficult to reach, being more distant from civilization than Mr. Hill's stream. Sir Charles Ross, the manufacturer of the Ross rifle, with which the Canadian militia is armed, goes further away still from civilization for his fishing, within a short distance from the Straits of Belleisle, where he finds his fish in a river rejoicing in the name of Olomonasheboo.

A distinguished party of New England anglers (notes The New York Sun) find it easier and cheaper to reach their river, the Natashquan, by steaming around from Boston in a yacht. The party includes E. C. Chapman, the broker; the Johnson brothers, head of the Johnson drug manufacturing concern; F. S. Hodges, a former engineer of the Southern Pacific, and others. This is the river which the Earl of Beaufort and Billy Florence, the actor, once reached by taking an Allan Line steamer from Liverpool and paying an extra hundred pounds to be dropped off in a boat opposite the mouth of the stream. The salmon of the Natashquan do not run particularly large, but they are very numerous and rise freely to the fly. The river itself is a very sporty one, the best pools being in the vicinity of heavy falls and dangerous rapids, where several lives have already been lost.

W. Seward Webb, of New York, and his friends are having poorer sport than usual this season on the Restigouche. The season is late there and fishing will doubtless improve later on.

The Restigouche Salmon Club is the most exclusive of its kind in the world. Its shares are worth some $15,000 each, and can only be held by those who can pass a ballot of existing members. The annual dues are very heavy, and it has been said that every salmon killed by members costs them from $5 to $10 per pound. The fishing privileges of the Restigouche Salmon Club are worth not less than a million dollars. Some of them are only leased from the New Brunswick and Quebec Governments for a term of years, but others are riparian rights, for which large sums of money have been paid to the original owners.

Yet there is still living an old angler who forty years ago paid but $100 a year for the lease of the entire Resigouche River, now valued at considerably over a million of dollars. Mr. Brackett, the angler in question, is the famous fish painter of Boston, who created the four pictures of which reproductions are so common entitled "The Rise," "The Leap," "The Struggle" and "Landed." He is now 86 years years of age, and is at present fishing on the Marguerite, a branch of the Saguenay. Mr. Brackett is an adept at salmon fishing, and even now thinks nothing of going down a rapid in a birch bark canoe standing up in the frail craft and hanging on to a running salmon at the other end of his line.

Mr. Brackett's age illustrates the fact that salmon fishermen persist in fishing to the very last, no matter how old they may be. Dean Sage died while fishing on the banks of the Restigouche a fe wyears ago, and in the following season the same fate overtook the late Dean Hoffman. Col. Sweeney also died on the Restigouche. Only last month death similarly overtook A. T. Patterson, of Montreal, the senior director of the Bank of Montreal. He was 76 years of age and had just made several casts, using a fairly heavy rod, when he was suddenly stricken with apoplexy in his boat and had almost breathed his last by the time he was taken ashore. It will be remembered that ex-Gov. Russell, of Massachusetts died suddenly in camp by the side of the Pabos River in the Gaspe district of Canada, though in his case old age of course had nothing to do with death.

Another club of millionaires leases the Cascapedia from the Quebec Government, paying some $10,000 annually for the privilege. This was the club to which belonged the late John G. Heckser, secretary of the New York Horse Show. It was formed by W. H. de Forrest and Harry Holling, R. G. Dun and others. Mr. Dun and H. R. H., the Princess Louise, are credited with killing the two largest salmon taken out of this river, one of the fish weighing fifty-four pounds, the other fifty-two. The present Prince of Wales has also fished the Cascapedia, as well as most of the Governors-General of Canada. When King Edward was in Canada as Prince of Wales in 1860, he was taken to the Marguerite River for salmon fishing, and though a fine salmon was hooked for him by his guide, he failed to save it.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchel, the novelist, is one of the latest anglers to pass through Quebec on his way to the Restigouche, where in the past he was in the habit of fishing with William K. Vanderbilt, Billy Florence, Stanford White, Henry T. Sloane, the Rev. William S. Rainsford, Robert Goelet, William L. Breese, and other club members.

Some individual salmon pools on the Restigouche have been sold as high as from $30,000 to $50,000, and in some instances the vendors were poor farmers who happened to own the strip of land bordering upon the valuable piece of water where the salmon rest below a fall or rapid on their difficult journey up the river to to their spawning grounds.

Rarely, however, has it been given to any salmon fisherman to enjoy the luck described from the Godbout River on the north shore, where the guardian of the stream, Napoleon Comeau, in one day killed fifty-seven fish weighing 634 pounds.

Sir Lomer Gouin, Prime Minister of Quebec, and a party of friends are fishing with much success the finest river on the north shore of the Gulf—the Moisie—as guests of Iver W. Adams, of Boston. He bought the entire bed of this river from the Government with all fishing rights owend by the province thereon for the sum of $30,000, but other privileges bought by him materially increased the cost of the fishing rights, which are now valued at considerably more than $100,000. The fish in this river often weigh from thirty to forty pounds each and they are exceedingly abundant. Litigation is now pending before the Privy Council in London as to the proprietorship of the stream, the fishing in which is claimed by a party owning most of the river banks. The question is one of vast importance to American salmon fishermen, as it may affect many other fishing rights in Canada based on riparian ownership.

### COMBINATION BUSINESS AND PLEASURE VACATION TRIP.

American visitors and tourists coming to or passing through Toronto should not fail to visit the Highlands of Ontario resorts and the wonderful Silver City of Cobalt, the greatest silver mining camp in the world.

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The Grand Trunk is the only line reaching all these points and full information, illustrated folders, tickets, reservations, etc., may be obtained at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. Phone Main 4209.

JUNIUS in one of his letters to the Duke of Grafton denied that he had charged his lordship with being a degenerate. Said he: "The character of the ancestors of some men has made it possible for them to be vicious in the extreme without being degenerate."

THEY tell a story in Wall Street that Mr. Pierpont Morgan once replied to a young friend, who had asked him what were the best clubs to belong to in New York:

"Young man, the very best clubs to devote your time to are Indian clubs."

Charlie Loveday: "Um—ah—er—er—er! He—he—" Jeweler (to his assistant): "Bring that tray of engagement rings here, Henry."—Tit-Bits.

### The Ump.

OF all the inscrutable creatures there be
Atop of the earth or below in the sea,
The ump is the beatenest being. He
Consorteth apart in mystery.

His integument's blue, there's a pad on his chest,
His frontal is masked and his features unguessed;
On his mind is a cap, and—well, as for the rest
Whatever it be, 'tis the subject of jest.

Oh, the ump's a pariah—the other team's tool.
He bawls out decisions and balls up each rule;
He sure gets the vote
As the champion goat;
There is never a crowd to be in the same boat.
The umps get their bumps, but there's this to be said:
There is balm (vernal plasters) in Gilead.

The ump is a seer who was born with a caul;
The ump is a Solomon—under a pall;
One time he's the Saint, and the next minute Saul;
The ump's like the place Cæsar tells of—all Gaul.

He's a modern Bozzaris—shouts "Strike!" with elan
(In the summer no doubt he likes batters to fan),
And if the armed foe should rebel at the plan
It's the bench quick for him and proscription by Ban.

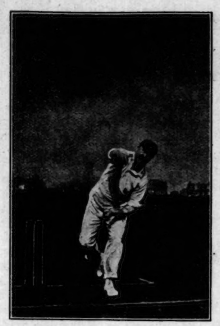
Oh, the ump is a monarch, a pocket size czar;
He could even give points in that line to T .R.
He is always emphatic
And often erratic;
The alienists say he has dust in his attic.
But brush him a bit and proceedings he stops—
And then strides from the field midst a cordon of cops.

—Maurice Morris, in The New York Sun.

"Mama," asked little three-year-old Freddie, "are we going to heaven some day?" "Yes, dear, I hope so," was the reply. "I wish papa could go, too," continued the little fellow. "Well, and don't you think he will?" asked his mother. "Oh, no," replied Freddie, "he could not leave his business."—Tit-Bits.

Lady—"But poverty is no excuse for being dirty! Do you never wash your face?" Tramp (with an injured air)—"Pardon me, Lady, but I've adopted this 'ere dry-cleanin' process as bein' more 'ealthy and 'i-geenic."—Punch.

"Who gave the bride away?" "Her little brother. He stood up right in the middle of the ceremony and yelled, 'Hurrah, Fanny, you've got him at last!'"—Western Christian Advocate.

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## The Power of the Past

(*Continued from Page 9.*)

walking up the path to meet Trench, who stood at the door.

With an effort Lucy preserved her look of kindly interest and continued to talk, until presently Honoria came back alone.

"Well, miss, what do you think?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"He seems nearly recovered," said the girl coldly, and turned to her sister. "He was coming down to speak with you, but I thought it better to dissuade him."

"Much better," said Lucy, hiding daggers, and the sisters turned away.

On the following day, they were sitting in the garden, and Lucy had been reading aloud, when Trench was announced. Honoria flushed a little, not having forgotten certain comments made by her sister the day before, and Lucy herself appeared rather displeased.

Altogether it was a short and uncomfortable visit, for Honoria bent over her sewing with scarcely a word, Trench seemed feeble and depressed, and Mrs. Selwood found unsupported affability rather difficult. When he arose to go, he said "Good-bye," as he meant to return to town on the morrow.

Honoria stood looking after him, and before Lucy could utter a word of protest, dropped her sewing and followed.

She overtook him just beyond the gate, and he turned at the sound of footsteps and stopped short.

"I only wanted—to say that I—understand you better than I did," she said, coloring painfully.

"What?"

"Since yesterday."

"What then? Yesterday? What happened yesterday?" He clutched her wrist, with a certain look of fear in his eyes.

"I saw you yesterday—you know."

"You saw me?" He stared a moment, then dropped her hand. "Yes? You saw me yesterday? What then? You have discovered, no doubt—I don't remember—that I was right in not letting you sacrifice——"

"No; that's the point," she said, smiling a little. "You are quite wrong. I came to tell you so."

"You think I am wrong?"

"Yes."

"You are very foolish!"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"You see, we expect Philip to-morrow, and I thought, perhaps—oh! why won't you help me?"

"Help you? I will," said he suddenly. "You are a mere baby in these matters. I must help you from yourself, Honoria."

"I am quite sure that you are not to blame," she said earnestly.

"But I am not sure," he replied, scanning her closely.

"Could I not help——?" she began piteously.

"How many good women——" he began, but turned his sentence differently—"help—the devil!" he ended in a hopeless tone. "It has gone too far."

"How long?" she asked.

"Some three and a half centuries, I know; probably much longer. And I'm the last of my family." He changed his tone. "There's a man coming up the lane."

"It's Philip," she said, turning to look. "I shall tell him very soon."

"No," he interrupted eagerly. "Wait—wait a fortnight after I have gone." Reading the protest in her face, he continued: "Take my judgment, and be quite sure first. Would you have me curse myself?"

She looked at him hard, then said: "Very well; I shall begin my acting at once."

Thereupno she went to meet Lane, with a pretty air of pleased surprise, and brought him up and presented him to Trench.

"Heard of you from Dick often," said Lane, advancing more than half-way in friendliness; and during their few moments' talk Trench decided that he was the right sort. Presently he left them together, and, as he stopped short in his walk some dozen paces away, heard Lane's rather loud, cheerful voice from the garden, saying: "Seems a pleasant chap. Well, sweetheart——"

Some hours later, Trench was sitting on the edge of the cliff, looking across at a misty coast-line as it disappeared slowly in the rosy twilight, when Honoria came up silently behind him, and kneeling at his shoulder, said: "Don't look back at me. Philip will meet here in a few minutes. He just stopped at the post-office—some business. I thought I should find you here—where you told me—you know. You must tell me something else—it is my right to know. Quick! Before he comes, tell me how——"

Keeping his face resolutely away from her, he said: "You know most of it; but you cannot realize, of course, what it means to have one's whole body cry out for stimulant—weeks at a time. I make no excuses; but you must understand that the case is hopeless—I have tried all the ways. When I was younger, I made a better fight; but it was bound to be a losing game in the end; one individual against—how many? I might have succeeded, but I nearly broke down over my first important case. I took a little and it carried me through; it was a triumph. Since then, my whole reputation is built upon it." He turned and smiled at her a moment. "I saw that it was a losing fight, and and I made the best of it, perhaps; only I vowed never to love any woman; and I have broken that vow. I am talking too long. This last time, though—I am ashamed and sorry for this last time——"

"It was because you were unhappy," she said softly.

"Don't excuse it," was the curt answer.

He took out of his pocket a silver-mounted leather flask, looked at it a moment, and with a sudden movement hurled it over the edge of the cliff; then turned to her, his face a deep red.

"I trust you don't believe that I am guilty of excess often?"

She apparently did not hear, for she said: "Since you will not have me on any other terms, will you take me with you—over the cliff—like the flask?"

A sudden tremor shook the hands that reached for hers; still he would not look at her, but only at the grey sea, as he said, clutching her hard: "If I do not, it is from love of you; if you will believe—the temptation——"

He loosed her hands as suddenly as he had taken them, and got to his feet, looking down up on her. "You can be strong," he said steadily, "and you will be happy, and I shall—do what I can."

There was a sound of whistling above, and Lane's voice called across the furze-meadow behind them: "Honoria!"

Trench helped her to her feet, and with his handkerchief dusted from her dress various bits of grass and seeds clinging to it. Then, as he rose to face her, she said with a curious little gesture of the hands, as if she were throwing something away: "Thank you."

"Don't marry him if you find that I have judged you wrongfully. But give the evil spell time to lose its effect; and, meanwhile, be good to him."

Then Honoria gathered her courage together and said clearly: "Whatever happens, you are and I am; and I'm glad——" Her voice failed her.

He smiled into her shining eyes. "Now you're Honoria!"

She gathered her skirts about her and fairly ran up the little slope to the summit, where she knew Lane was looking for her. At the top she paused a second and waved her hand, and Trench was left alone.

How long he sat there he never knew. He was roused by a soft rustle in the grass, and turned with his heart beating wildly; but it was not Honoria. It was a stray dog, a poor, mangy cur that came up and nosed him, and finally, taking courage, thrust his head under the man's arm for comfort. Trench's hand almost mechanically fell to rubbing the folorn head, and thereupon he came to himself with a jerk. He leaned out over the cliff and looked down upon the waves curdling over the boulders below, then addressed the friendly beast with a laugh.

"Melodramatic instinct, old chap, that's what it was, made me hurl that flask down below; only have to get another to-morrow. To-morrow? Not quite so soon, if we can help it, eh? Come along home now, and you shall share a bone with me; and we'll call you Oedipus, perhaps—he had a bad ancestry, if I remember—like you and me. And when they get the better of us, as they are bound to do, you lop-eared, blear-eyed creature, why, we'll just drink their health; there's nothing else for us to do, eh? To my ancestors!"

He raised his hand in an imaginary toast, then he walked slowly back, and the dog followed him.

Mother (telling history of our first parents): "And Eve ate of the fruit and she gave some to Adam."
Dolly: "Oh, Mummie! how kind of her!"—Punch.

## Unsalting the Sea.

A CORRESPONDENT of The New York Sun, in the following letter, recalls a reference in Benjamin Franklin's biography to an invention for taking the salt from the sea:

In the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin reference is made to an alleged invention or discovery by means of which the salt in sea water could be extracted cheaply and expeditiously, the purpose of the inventor having been not to freshen the water but to get the salt. It is further recorded by Franklin that, much to his regret, the inventor failed to "show up" at the time fixed for a test of the invention, so that the world was left to depend upon the then slow and rather expensive methods of obtaining its supplies of salt.

Now that this article is so economically and easily obtained from the brine of salt springs, from salt mines and from some of our Western plains, where it is virtually ploughed up, the pretended discovery alluded to, even if it had succeeded, would perhaps have little interest for us as a means simply of getting salt; but upon the supposition that such a thing were practicable, of what immeasurable importance would it be as a means of securing unlimited supplies of water suitable for irrigation, and how worthy of the investigation of our great scientists is this matter!

Think of what could be accomplished for mankind if sea water in any quantity could be rapidly and cheaply divested of its saline quality and then carried either by pumping or by force of gravity over arid lands for the purpose of aiding agriculture. It almost staggers the imagination to think of the possible results. All the great deserts of the world—Sahara, the Arabian and Syrian deserts, where the Israelites wandered for so many years in their journey to the promised land; the dry lands of Mexico, and of our own country—instead of remaining desolate and useless could be made to "blossom as the rose"; and what an addition to the food supply of the world would all this afford!

If it should turn out that the proposition suggested is not feasible, would it not be possible by electric or chemical means to convert the salt in sea water into some ingredient beneficial to vegetation instead of hurtful to it, as salt is—in other words, to transform sea water into water that would be both an irrigator and a fertilizer? In that event the benefit to mankind would be beyond conception.

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Jail Superintendent—"That fellow makes more noise than ever with his shouting and roaring. There is only one thing left—to get him out of hearing. Take him off to the solitary cell." Turnkey—"That would do no good, the rogue is a ventriloquist."—Fliegende Blaetter.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lapsling, "my younger brother, Jerry, takes his degree this year. His graduation oration is on 'The Nebular Hypothenuse.'"—Chicago Tribune.

"Talk," said Uncle Eben, "is sumpin' like rain. A certain amount is welcome an' necessary. But doggone a deluge!"—Washington Star.

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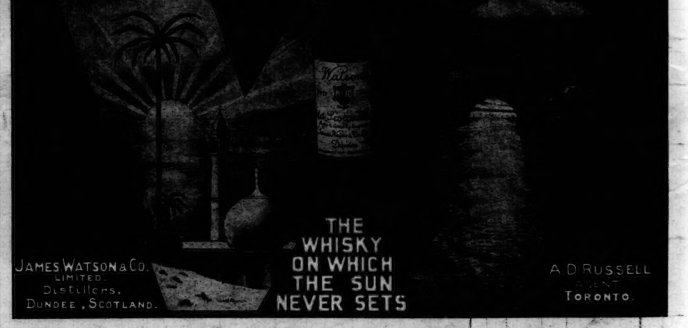

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